

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

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THE SECOND MRS. TILLOTSON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NEVER FORGOTTEN."

BOOK I.

CHAPTER XII. ST. CECILIA AT THE ORGAN.

THE day wore on. The sun had travelled across the field, and the calm of evening began to set in quickly. The cricketers were growing fatigued, but the untiring ladies showed no sign of flagging interest. For them there was no monotony in the spectacle—at least, the succession of gentlemen who came up and amused the Miss Tilneys, prevented their taking much heed of the passage of time. Of Mr. Tillotson, absent, dreamy, and silent, they had long since ceased to make any account. About four, he had wandered away unnoticed towards the old cathedral, which, with the enclosed green, and the little Close, and the old-fashioned houses, had begun to have a sort of attraction for him. There had been the cold funeral of a Service there that day as usual; but it had been a very dismal ritual. And Fugle, the seraphic tenor, had to expend notes, that properly belonged to the cherubim above, on two old ladies and a mildewed ancient, dotted among the lugubrious stalls, and on a tourist who, book in hand, and studying the monuments, looked in curiously at some angelic cry of Fugle's, but cautiously took care not to be imprisoned within the great gates of the choir. When Mr. Tillotson walked among the grass, he heard the billows of the organ still rolling and swelling within. He went in. Bliss was practising above. There was no one else there. His footsteps echoed as through some vast stone grotto. He was quite alone, and walked softly into an oaken stall to listen to Bliss, Musical Doctor, Oxon.

It was a soft solemn stalking theme of Bach's, grand, old fashioned, and piquant, like music in bag-wig and ruffles and square cut coat—music that ambles on in a solemn canter round and round in a ring, with quaint curvets and backings for any length of time, with a very charming monotony, that finally wakes up into a *grand ronde*, and ends triumphantly, and like the last burst of a procession. Mr. Tillotson in his stall, with two comic lions with twisted tails and a paw leaning on a shield

on each side of his head, thought of Doctor Bliss and his powers, and was wondering whether the dull bricklayer-work of lessons, teaching, and the like, dulled this fine sense of music, and whether this grand power fell into a fatal routine also, when he heard the rattle of closing stops and the locking of the organ doors. Doctor Bliss was going home. He stood out in the middle looking up at the great gallery, and, as he did so, the organist glided across. But it was not Doctor Bliss. Heavy shadows were floating up among the groined arches, but with a quick instinct he knew the outline of that figure, and walked up to her quickly and stopped her. By the same instinct she knew him.

"I have been listening," he said, "in that old dark stall. I thought it was Doctor Bliss, and have been delighted."

"He lets me play in the evening sometimes. It is the greatest treat I can have. It is quite a world for me, that noble old organ, with life, fancies, intellect, everything. In its company I forget everything."

"Just as I," he said, "when listening, have forgotten everything too. I have never been what is called musical, but I can follow and understand what I have just heard."

"But there are very few who *are* musical," she said, in her serious way, and smoothing down her yellow hair, which rivalled an illumined patch of amber glass just above. "They are taught instruments and notes, but that is scarcely music." Then she said, abruptly: "You have spoken more than once of troubles, and some secret bitterness which is to be irrecoverable. May I speak to you freely? May an inexperienced girl out of a country town give a little advice?"

"And I shall promise to try and follow it, too," he answered eagerly. "Indeed I shall! Country girl! why near your wisdom ours is all foolishness. Do speak, Miss Millwood."

"You have been so good to me," she went on (and the two figures standing there under the great gallery looked picturesque even to the verger, who had come to look up, but went away softly, recognising her), "even from the first night when you made me a promise which I had no right to ask of you—that I *will* speak to you without restraint. If you had some dreadful trouble—some terrible blight, why should you sit down under it, or take it with

you all through life? Believe me, we should struggle; and after we have indulged ourselves in a sorrow and repentance, perhaps, for a time—let it be a long time even—we should then think of life and its duties. Dear Mr. Tillotson, I do not want to run into the common exhortation that comes from that pulpit there every Sunday; but I myself was inclined to do as you are inclined to do—to drag hopelessly through life, but——”

“It is too kind of you,” he said, excitedly—“too generous; and indeed, if I dare, or if I could, I would carry out what you say, when I would shut my ears to the platitudes poured from that place. But you do not know—you *can't* know all, Miss Millwood! Sorrows and troubles! Yes! I were blessed indeed if all known misfortunes were poured out on me: ruin, poverty, sickness, anything. You will think this extravagance. But I know how to struggle, and would welcome such trials. But there are other things that *must* walk with us through life till we reach our graves. That, nothing *here* can atone for. That gives us a dismal pleasure in gloom and misery, because we know the more we suffer the more we are atoning.”

She answered him as excitedly as he had spoken, and the setting sunlight outside came now in a gorgeous slant from the amber panes right on the amber hair.

“Why,” she said, “this is the hopeless doomed Calvinist’s faith—despairing, wretched, hopeless. It makes me miserable to hear you talk so. It fills me with despair. I don’t know your history, and I don’t wish to know. But no matter what has happened. I conjure you and implore—I would go down on my knees here, in this sacred place, to ask you to fly from yourself and banish this fatal, miserable, destroying idea!”

“And what *am* I to do?” he said, putting his hand to his forehead. “If *you* preach, I must listen. Call it destroying, despairing, horrible—what you like. But you do not know—you cannot guess——”

“I can look into your face,” she said, confidently, “and see none of the cold hard lines of guilt. I can tell that you have been, to use the common hackneyed form, more sinned against than sinning. That, when young, you have been foolish, thoughtless, and have thus done things which others do coldly and with guilty premeditation.”

“Oh,” he said, “it is indeed as you say. I dare sometimes to flatter myself it is so. Thank you a thousand and a thousand times over for this kind judgment. I shall think of it, and force myself to believe it. You say you look in my face; but can you *look at this hand*? Ah! is there no physiognomy in the hand?”

She shrank back a little. “It is not for me,” she said, “to pass judgment, nor do I wish to know the course of any one’s past life. That is for his conscience.”

“They have not put ‘Confessionals’ round this cathedral,” he said, bitterly, and looking

round. “I wish to Heaven sometimes they had. I saw you turn away, Miss Millwood. You see I judged myself better, after all, than *you* could do.”

“No, indeed,” she said, eagerly, and coming back close to him again, “you mistake. You spoke so mysteriously.”

“And yet you must not,” he said, “take with you a wrong impression. Whatever was done was forced upon me. Whatever——”

“But tell me,” she said, suddenly, “have you no relative—no sister, father, or mother?”

“Not one left,” he said, in a strange steady key of despair that went to her heart; “and yet my father and mother might both have been alive now. For it rested with me!”

Again she half shrank away.

“I see it,” he said, bitterly. “How empty are professions, after all. No matter; I was young, and careless, and wicked. ‘Wild’ is the gentle word of the world. I was wilder than even those complimented as wild. I was sent away abroad to save them at home from disgrace, although it nearly broke *their* hearts. But it had to be done. We are not in a confessional, Miss Millwood, but I am telling you everything. I went away recklessly, rejoicing at being free now and for ever. My father, ill and broken, sent for me. I in part disbelieved the illness; in part was too proud, and said, ‘Let them come to me, since they sent me away from them;’ in part listened to some wicked friends who were real ‘men of the world.’ He died without my seeing him. I *did* feel that—I did indeed, Miss Millwood, though I cannot expect you to believe me.”

“How you mistake,” she answered. “I believe you and feel for you. Indeed I do.”

“Ah, but you have not heard all. There came a passionate letter from her, laying his death at *my* door, calling me her husband’s murderer, telling me to be an outcast, never to come near her, and end my wretched course as soon as I pleased, and let her end hers. That roused my wretched pride again; and oh, Miss Millwood, what will you think of me now? Then I went on from worse to what was yet worse, until even in the foreign places I became notorious. One vile story after another travelled home about me, some true, some false, but all reaching, until came *that worst and most fatal* story of all, which, oh, Miss Millwood, *was true, true*, and ever will be true. And when they told her *that*, she could bear no more, and——” He could not go on.

But, in a voice of the tenderest sweetness, she said to him, “There, you must not think or talk of these things any more. I can understand. I don’t ask to know more. And still I repeat what I have said before: whatever has happened, you must try and struggle. It is a duty, and the best atonement you can make to that lost parent.”

“Ah, that lost parent,” he said, despairingly. “But I did not tell you what led to the loss. No, no, dear Miss Millwood. I must go on as I have gone on. I have indeed tried travel,

books, and now business, hard, constant, laborious business. I am longing to get up a *greed* of money. If that were to take possession of me body and soul, I might drive the other enemy out; but, somehow, should it not be kept there? It is better to go on to the end even as it was at the beginning. Though since I have come down here, I seem to have got upon more quiet waters. What with this cathedral and its old-world associations, this little enclosure about it, and its air of peace and happiness, I seem to be less wretched; or, rather, it seems to me that there is less misery in the world. And some words of yours, dear Miss Millwood, have sunk deeper than perhaps you would fancy."

The great pillars and arches had begun to cast broader and broader shadows. The light behind the amber panes had gradually faded, and left them cold and dull. The glories of the sunset had gone down. The monument to the Yeomanry Captain looked like a spectral dining furniture set out for a ghostly banquet. Suddenly two figures came round the corner, and stopped before them.

"Come," said Ross, roughly, "what does all this mean? This is nice work! Is this a place for you? Don't you know how long they have been looking for you?"

"I am coming," she said, softly. "I was playing——"

Ross laughed. His laugh echoed harshly through that great cave. "You hear that, Bob. How ready a woman is with her excuse. Why, we didn't hear a sound this hour back. Perhaps you, Mr. Tillotson, were playing also—an undiscovered accomplishment."

"Let us go away now," she said, hastily. "Don't let us lose time. Come, Mr. Tillotson."

She went on in front with Mr. Tillotson. The other two followed hastily.

"We were unfortunate," said Ross's friend, "that we came too late for the music. I should like to have heard that old instrument trembling and roaring under your fingers, Miss Millwood."

"And don't forget our friend, who hates cricket, and I suppose dropped in here by the merest accident," said Ross.

"It was accident," said Mr. Tillotson, calmly; "but what of it, supposing it were not? This cathedral, a wonderful exception, is, I believe, always kept open like the foreign ones."

"Ready always at repartee, is he not, Bob? Mr. Tillotson, the London banker, can give us lessons down here. Can't he, Bob?"

"Why should you say that?" said his friend. "Why, you are as bitter as an almond. Confound you, why, if you spoke that way to a Mexican gent, he'd have you out on horseback in ten minutes, with a Colt's repeating musket opposite. My dear friend, you must keep your tongue in order. You won't meet every one with such restraint and moderation as this gentleman."

The banker coloured. "I don't deserve it so much as you say. Mr. Ross knows I have not restrained myself nearly so much as I ought to have done."

Ross stamped his foot savagely down on the pavement.

"Ah! that would be different, of course," said Grainger.

"Will you stop," said Ross, his face glowing suddenly, and his eyes glaring. "What is this you mean? Come on in front—I wish to speak to you," he said, seizing her arm. "Come quickly;" and he almost dragged her on.

"Our friend," said Grainger, nodding his head, "is a little rough at times; but he is really good at the bottom."

In a few minutes they were at home.

CHAPTER XIII. AN ILL-CONDITIONED MAN.

It was impossible to withstand the accolade manner of Mr. Tilney—his absorbing Friend of Man deportment—and, if this could be withstood, it was equally hopeless to think of battling against the Friend of Man, sensitive, and meaning well, and wounded. But he was really good natured.

"It is like fresh air to me to get a gentleman now and then into the house. I have been accustomed to that sort of thing—to sit with the best, with his late Majesty, Jack Norman, and a hundred such. The best dishes, sir, the best clothes, the best men and women, sir! And then to be cocked down in a miserable hole like this! A low nest of psalm-singers and tailors. It's not a fit place for a gentleman."

This tone was inconsistent with Mr. Tilney's previous praises of the tranquil pleasures of the cathedral, whose special charms, he had often insisted, lay in its retirement and simplicity, as contrasted with the false pleasures of high society. But the day had been very warm, the sun beating down on his forehead, and Mr. Tilney was seen to go in and out very often of the cricketing tent, where he found out and perhaps wooed the maiden Brown Sherry. Presently he grew ruminative. (This was at the door of his own house.) "How about your plan," he asked—"the directors of the new scheme? You will have gentlemen, of course—fellows that won't rob the till? But you won't fish many gentlemen out of this place. If I can help you, my dear friend, or my name can be of use, or my cousin, Lord Chinnery, don't be afraid to speak. In fact, I should like it. I have often wished for something to do."

Mr. Tillotson was a little embarrassed. He would have liked to have served this old soldier of society. "Why, you see," he answered, "Mr. Tilney, I can decide nothing as yet. I am afraid it is the class of purely business-men that we want—men that have been trained to things of this kind. But later, I dare say—" In short, a series of the good-natured common-places by which the fall of a refusal is broken. Mr. Tilney was not vexed.

"Well, I suppose so," he said. "It's generally my luck. I recollect H.R.H., who cared for me about as much as he did for any man, saying to me, 'Ask me for something, Tilney,

one of these days. Don't be afraid about it. If I can't, I'll refuse you.' But, egad, whenever I asked, he always *did* refuse me."

That night, then, when Mr. Tillotson found himself again with the family, he said to himself, almost pettishly, "It is absurd going on in this way, haunting a family." But he wanted a little resolution in the mere trifles of life. There were no military present, so that Miss Augusta could devote herself without distraction to the entertainment of the guest. Miss Helen was tired, and went to lie down. Mr. Ross was not present. "I am glad of it, I am sure," said Mrs. Tilney. "I am tired of waiting on his humours." Miss Augusta exerted herself surprisingly to amuse the stranger. When there were patches of scarlet lighting up the landscape with a gorgeous military sunset, the poor girl naturally became bewildered and divided in her attention. Now that there were only the autumn greys, the task was easier, so over she went to her piano, and warbled ballads aimed at the heart of the stranger.

For a few moments—when she had gone to look for another ballad up-stairs—Mr. Tillotson was left with Miss Millwood. He asked her where her father was.

"He has gone out," she said. "He is in low spirits. He has met some cruel disappointment to-day, he told me. I cannot guess what it can be. Poor papa, he has many troubles."

"I can guess," said Mr. Tillotson. "I know, in fact, I believe I am accountable. It was about the new bank. But I fear there is a difficulty."

"Poor papa!" she said, sadly. "His life has been trouble enough. And he was once very happy. This place is a sad change for him, as you can imagine. It is hard, at his time of life, to be subject to fresh disappointments."

"I am very sorry," said Mr. Tillotson, looking at her; "but I hope there will be no disappointment here. In fact, I think I can smoothe away the difficulty. I am sure it can be managed."

Again the deeply gratified look came into her face—the soft charming look of devotion which he had never seen in any other face. Then Miss Augusta came back with her book, and began once more.

About ten came in Mr. Tilney, depressed and almost moody.

"Where is that Ross?" he said. "I have been looking for him. He said he would be here."

"Oh, with his odious pipe, or some of his mess friends," said Mrs. Tilney. "What a life the creature leads. I am sure a person that has staked his all on a chance in this headstrong way, might at least conduct himself with humility and gentleness. I am sick of his airs. One would think he had got a fortune already."

"That is the reason, perhaps," said Mr. Tilney, gravely. "I suspect he feels it as much as any one, but is so proud, he puts on this 'devil-may-care' manner to hide it. Here there was Bob Childers, who was Master of the Horse, why,

when all his friends knew he was breaking, and scraping up a guinea here and a guinea there, God knows how, he was as proud and offensive a creature as the commonest cockney. There was——"

Mrs. Tilney had always to restrain these reminiscences.

"I know," she said, smiling. "Would you ring for the wine and water?"

About eleven, when Mr. Tillotson was going home, young Mr. Ross entered very brusquely; his hair was tossed, his cheeks were flushed. He gave an angry look, and flung himself down on a sofa, making it creak and rattle. Mrs. Tilney moved indignantly in her chair.

"What is it now?" she said. "We expected you before. What detained you?"

"What detained me? I wasn't able to come. There!" he answered, rudely. "I was dining at the mess. Have you been jolly, here? The usual entertainment, I suppose? To be continued every night until further notice." And he laughed harshly.

Mr. Tilney shook his head. "My good Ross," he said, "you are getting a little rough. It will be time enough, you know, when you come in for your fortune. Put it off until then."

The other burst into a loud harsh laugh.

"By the way, I have got some news for you all about that."

They all started. Augusta turned round from the piano. The hands of the yellow-haired girl were clasped fervently.

"Well?" they said, eagerly and together.

"Look at 'em! What excitement," he said, ironically. "A nine days' wonder. Put all the heads together to devour the great secret. Stare me out of countenance. Do——"

Mrs. Tilney, without any pretence of a smile whatever, half rose and said, calmly, "I see it. He has heard some bad news about the suit. I know he has."

"Well, suppose I have," he answered, bitterly, "is it not my own concern? Was it not my own venture? I don't want any one's sympathy or expostulations."

"Oh, William," said Ada, clasping her hands, "this is dreadful."

"Dreadful!" said Mrs. Tilney, hardly containing herself. "It is all his own doing. He has brought it on himself. I have no pity for him; none in the world. Such sheer egregious folly is contemptible. You are a beggar now, and you have only yourself to thank for it."

"Pray, do I want to thank any one else for it?" he answered, coldly. "However, it finishes the business once for all, and I am not sorry for it."

"But what is settled?" said Mr. Tilney. "God bless us! is it final?"

"Final, for ever," he said, impatiently. "What is the use of giving details? Those precious attorneys have been taking a big-wig's opinion—Sir William Bushell's. I hope to God he has made 'em pay. It is discovered, now, that we never had a chance from the beginning. I sup-

pose, like myself," he added, getting up. "I never had a chance from the beginning."

"Plenty, sir," said Mrs. Tilney, "if you had used them properly. I am disgusted."

"Well," he said, with a dismal ruefulness, "I suppose I must weather on somehow. Begin again, perhaps. There's nothing wonderful in it, after all. It has happened to plenty more before my time. But now leave it. I don't want to talk of it any more. What's been doing? What's been going on?"

No one answered him, and he looked from one to the other with a poor affectation of being at his ease, which Mr. Tillotson felt pity for.

"You must cheer up, Mr. Ross," he said, good naturedly, and going up to him. "It may not be so bad as reported. Things may turn out better. Don't be cast down."

Mr. Ross looked at him from his foot up to his head.

"Have you seen the letter that came to me to-night? No, I should say not," he said, with a sneer. But he checked himself, and added, in a softer tone, "No, the thing is about as bad and as settled as it can be."

Then Ada spoke, in a low voice. "It may be as Mr. Tillotson says. We must all hope for the best. Don't be cast down—*don't*, William. It's not so great a blow, after all." And she came up to him with a soft imploring look.

"Why don't you say, While there's Life there's Hope, or some other amiable platitude? Good gracious! What are you all looking at me in this way for? Is a man that has got a letter such a wonder? You are all delightful comforters. I'll not stay here any longer. I'll go back to the mess." And he rose up in a rage, and walked hastily out.

Mr. Tillotson followed him. "Excuse me for one moment," he said. "Look here, Mr. Ross. I fear you do not understand, but I mean you well—I do indeed. If I can be of any service in this misfortune, I hope you will only show me the way. Recollect, you have some claim on me for an unfortunate mistake I fell into."

For a moment there was a softened expression in Ross's face, but only for a moment. This was an unlucky allusion. There was a cold stiff iron bar of pride that ran through his frame from his head to his heel.

"You are very good," he said, coldly. "But I want no assistance. I have remarked, since you came here, you have been kind enough to be making me these sort of offers. What interest, might I ask, have you got in me? Is it for my own pure merits? I have not been in the world so short a time as to believe *that*. And as for what you allude to about—"

"Well, I don't care telling you," said the other, eagerly, "that it is for the sake of another, who I can see is a little interested in you."

"Ah, I thought so. Now we have it. Then let me tell you, Mr. Tillotson, great banker as

you are, I have seen your game from the beginning. I know what you are staying here and coming here for, with such benevolent and sympathising looks. I suppose you want to make capital, as you do out of the Funds, with this grand pity and generosity. An excellent dodge. This suit of mine has fallen in capitally, I suppose, with your plans. But look here, Mr. Tillotson the banker," he added, raising his voice. "I may have to go away, I suppose—somewhere—I don't care where. But I shall be watching you wherever I am. You are counting on my being beaten in this. But I give you warning. If I am, some one shall suffer! I am not a man to stand these tricks, and I give you notice—"

There was a rustle of a dress close beside them, and there was a sweet voice too. "Oh, for shame! for shame!" it said. "I could not believe this of you! I begin to think you are unworthy of all pity, kindness, generosity. Mr. Tillotson, say no more to him. I am grieved, I am shocked, that your goodness should have exposed you to this; but I had thought that this—this *man*—had *some* feeling in him. But I begin *now* to see what he is."

He looked from one to the other with a look of impatient fury. "So this is what you are beginning to think?" he said. "I don't care who thinks that I have feeling or not. I want no compliments in that way as to thinking well or ill of me. You are both in a charming partnership. Not that I mind, indeed. Good night to you *both*."

The feeling in his listeners was, that this was mere insanity—his eyes were so wild—and that common shape of insanity that comes from a furious struggle of such passions as contempt, disappointment, rage, and pride.

The eyes of the golden-haired girl were flashing, her cheeks glowing. "I thought," she said, bitterly, "that under all that rudeness and roughness there was a kindness and natural generosity. But he has undeceived me now. I have tried," she continued, in a voice that still trembled a little, "to hope the best, and do what little I could by my poor words to save him from himself. But it is useless now. Let him go."

It was scarcely surprising that Mr. Tillotson's cold cheeks should have found colour at these words, or that he should have felt a thrill of something like pleasure. Then she seemed to recollect herself, fell into a sort of confusion, and fled away up-stairs.

When he came back to the drawing-room, he found the family still excited.

"It is one satisfaction," said Mrs. Tilney, decidedly, "we can have done with him now. There is no further excuse for our putting up with his airs. I declare," she continued, with her favourite motion of rustling her dress angrily, "all I have endured from him, his insolence, and want of respect, from the fear of hurting his sensitiveness. A person of *my* age consulting a

young man's humours is rather a new thing. He shall not come here any more. Indeed, I suppose he will have enough to do to keep himself from want. I am sure," she continued, trying to put up the smile, only now it fitted with difficulty, and seemed made for another mouth, "Mr. Tillotson, who was considerate and kind towards him all through, must have seen what a thankless, ungracious person he was. Not one of the girls," continued she, "liked him; and as for that child, Ada—to whom he had some dislike—I know *she* will be glad to be free from his tyranny."

THE HUMOURS OF HAVANA.

THE morning, you may be sure, did not find me a sluggard on my couch in the saloon. Never rose a lark, or a landscape-painter on his first sketching-tour in Wales, with more alacrity than did I from the steam-packet's scrubby velvet sofa. Early bird as I was, there had been even lighter sleepers; and the ship, above and below, was full of joyous life. During the few hours of darkness, too, that process of transformation I lately spoke of had been making rapid progress. I had fallen to sleep, it is true, in Spanish waters, but in Anglo-Saxon company, but I woke up on board a caravel belonging to the Spanish Armada. The grave, sonorous, and dignified Castilian—noblest and most Romanesque of tongues—resounded on every side; and although the day wanted several hours of breakfast-time, the blue filmy fumes of the cigaritos were floating about the cabin like aromatic gossamer. The consumption of chocolate was immense. Only yesterday we had been content with an early morning cup of coffee; but chocolate is the sole recognised Spanish desayuno; nor, with a glass of cold water and a cigarito afterwards, does it make you so very bilious. Or is it that your liver becomes, on your entrance into these torrid climes, so utterly disorganised, that nothing can make you *more* bilious, save the yellow fever, which kills you? "If in doubt, take a drink," says the American proverb. You had better give chocolate the benefit of the doubt, and drink *that*; for, although made so thick that a spoon will well-nigh stand upright in the cup, it is a most delicious and refreshing beverage. I noticed, too, that several of our transatlantic fellow-passengers, in compliment to the climate and the Spanish flag, had substituted chocolate for their habitual "morning glory," or cock-tail; in fact, one gentleman, used to these latitudes, informed me that he had "swore off" alcohol altogether, until when returning from New Orleans, whither he was bound, he should be north of Cape Florida again; "and then," he concluded, "I guess I will change my breath, and nominate my pison,"—a prudent resolve, and one that Englishmen as well as Americans would do well to imitate in the tropics. Yellow Jack is a bitter foe, and swamp fever a fearful scourge; but I will back Old Rye and

brandy-pawnee to sweep off more Anglo-Saxons in a week, than the vomito or the fever will do in a month.

Tables and chairs covered with oranges—come from none could tell precisely where; but it seems to rain oranges in Havana—and the presence of sundry officials in suits of white linen or faint blue stripe, with huge Panama hats, helped to complete the idea of transformation. Are you aware of the beauties of a Panama hat? It is of fine straw—straw so fine and so exquisitely plaited, that it appears to be of one united glossy nature. It is as soft as silk, and as strong as chain-mail, and as elastic as caoutchouc. If you are caught in a shower of rain, and your Panama gets wet through, you have only to wring it out as though it were a towel, and hang it on your walking-stick to dry, and in a quarter of an hour it will have regained its pristine shape. The Spaniards declare that a Panama is shot-proof, and an infallible protection against sun-stroke; but of these assertions I have my doubts. The life of a Panama hat may be measured by that of a raven. It is supposed never to wear out. At all events, there is a cunning hatter in New York, who, for ten dollars, will undertake to return to you, as good as new, a Panama which is twenty years old, and has been in the wars, and shipwrecked, and thrown into a lime-kiln, a tan-pit, and a bucket of tar. This peerless hat is not to be purchased at a mean price. It is the dearest head-gear manufactured. Indian maidens have intoned whole cantos of Indian epics while they plaited and sewed together those minute circles of straw. A good Panama will stand you in from fifty to seventy-five pesos de oro—from ten to fifteen pounds sterling.

And now, on this first of tropical mornings, did the steamer's state-rooms give up their semi-dead. Whole families of Señoras and Señoritas made their appearance in shiny black and pink silks, and low mantillas, and pink stockings, and white satin shoes, and colossal fans, ready for any amount of flirtation, serenade-hearing, and bull-fight witnessing. Where had those Señoras and Señoritas been for the last five days? On their backs, I trow, in their berths, screaming piteously when the steamer pitched; moaning dismally when she rolled; imbibing chloroform, cognac, tea and other nostrums against sea-sickness, and calling upon many saints. Our Lady de los Remedios might be the best to invoke under such circumstances, perchance.

There is an immensely stout old lady in violet-coloured satin, with a back-comb as high as the horn of Queen Philippa in old illuminations, a burnt-sienna countenance, a cavalry recruit's moustache, a bright green umbrella, and an oaken casket clasped with brass under one arm. This is the old lady, I apprehend, to whom the stewardess used to take in such tremendous rations of stewed beefsteak, fried bananas, and bottled ale every day at dinner-time. She suffered awfully. Her

eries for Cerveza Inglesa were incessant. She was troubled in her mind one afternoon, when we had a chopping sea on, and sent for one of the Sisters of Charity; but I am sorry to say that nurse and patient did not agree, and that the good sister was speedily dismissed with unhandsome epithets. Sister Egyptiaca being of Irish extraction, fresh from an orphanage in New York,—whence she was going, good little creature, in perfect peace and contentment, to risk her life in the fever-baled wards of a New Orleans hospital—and speaking nothing but English, and the old lady only talking Spanish, may have had something to do with their misunderstanding. However, the old lady is all right now. She is very valuable; she has given the steward a golden ducat; and he has kindled a match for her, and she has begun to smoke a cigarette. It is reported that the oaken casket with the brass clasps is full of diamonds. The stewardess says, she always kept it under her pillow during the voyage. She looks a rich old lady; comfortably quilted with ounces, moldores, and pieces of eight. I connect her in my mind with a huge sugar estate and teeming gangs of negroes. I would rather be her overseer than her slave, I think.

It is worthy of remark, as another element in the transformation we have undergone, that our talk is now all of a metallic coinage. Five days ago, nobody had anything but greenbacks. The stewards won't look at greenbacks now. Five days ago, the passenger who had hoarded a silver dollar was quite a lion; he who had an English sovereign hanging to his watch-chain was made much of; and one thin, dry New Englander, who was absolutely the owner of an American gold double eagle—the handsomest coin in the world—kept it in a wash-leather case, like a watch, would only exhibit it on pressing solicitation, and, I am led to infer, made rather a good thing of it by taking the precious piece forward, and allowing the hands to smell it at five cents apiece. But what cared we for paper money now? Piles of gold suddenly made their appearance. Little bills for stimulants were paid in five-dollar pieces bearing the effigy of Isabella Segunda. For the first time in my life I saw that numismatic parallel to Brobdingnag and Lilliput—to dignity and impudence—the gold dollar, which is about the size of an English silver penny, and the gold doubloon, or ounce, which, to the dazed and delighted eye of the possessor, looks as large as one of King Cæsar's chariot-wheels, but is in reality about the diameter of a crown-piece, and is worth three pounds ten shillings sterling. They say Havana is the dearest city in the world; and I cannot help thinking that the costliness of living there is mostly due to the fact of the ounce being held to many intents and purposes the financial unit. It is the Creole sovereign. If you stay at a friend's country-house and his body-servant has saluted you, you give the man an ounce; if you bet on a cock-fight, you bet an ounce; if a torreador has won your approbation,

you send him an ounce; if the prima donna at the Tacon takes a benefit, you purchase a stall and pay an ounce—or as many ounces as your admiration for the prima donna prompts you to disburse. A whole lottery-ticket—an intiero, as it is called—costs an ounce. If you hire a calèche and two horses for the day, the driver very coolly demands an ounce for his fare: in short, I should imagine that the only wild animal in Cuba must be the ounce. "I call that man a gentleman," I once heard a German settler in Havana remark, "who can afford to lose at *monté* or *tressilio*, every day of his life, four or five ounces." Four or five ounces! Ingots and goldbeaters' hammers! to what a Tom Tiddler's ground had I come!

I went on deck, where everything was noise, bustle, and transformation, and where they seemed already to be taking in oranges, bananas, and cocoa-nuts, as a return cargo. The skipper only remained untransformed. He wore the same fluffy white hat, the same long-skirted bottle-green coat with the same blue-black velvet collar, and the same shepherd's-plaid trousers in which he had loomed imposingly on the paddle-bridge of his ship, foot of pier Number Something, New York city, five days since. He had a heart of oak, this skipper of ours, and I believe was an excellent seaman and navigator; but I could never divest myself of the impression that he had been concerned in dry goods, or even a wooden mummy factory, before he had taken to going down to the sea in ships. He had made, I dare say, fifty trips to Cuba, but he couldn't speak Spanish yet. He pressed the doctor into his service, to act as interpreter in a slight dispute with the health officer. "Ain't posted up in his lingo," he unaffectedly remarked.

I looked over the side, and drank in a spectacle the most gloriously picturesque I had ever beheld. I have travelled a good deal; but there are many spots, even on the map of Europe, which to me are still *terra incognita*. I have never been to Naples; I have never been in Old Spain. Looking out upon the crowded port of Havana, I was reminded irresistibly of the market-scene in Masaniello—the Morro Castle doing duty for Vesuvius. We were close upon a quay swarmed with sunburnt varlets in red nightcaps, in striped nightcaps, in broad flapping straw hats, and some with silken kerchiefs of gay colours twisted round their heads. Nearly all wore gaudy sashes round their loins. They were bare-armed and bare-legged: their shirts were open at the breast, and, if they had jackets, those garments hung loose upon their shoulders, or with the sleeves tied in a knot before them. Dark elf locks, black glittering eyes, earrings, and little dangling crosses round the neck; baskets of fish and baskets of fruit, crates of crockery, coops of poultry; cries of gratulation, welcome, derision, defiance, quarrels never ending in blows, general hubbub and confusion; and over all the hot, hot sun and the cloudless vault of blue.

But the market-scene in Masaniello soon

faded away to nothingness. Havana began to assert its own individuality. I saw a town whose houses were painted in all the colours of the rainbow. I saw long lines of grey and crumbling bastions, and curtains and ravelins built in old time by jealous Spanish viceroys, and which, I learned, not without pleasure, General Dulce, the then Captain-General, was beginning to demolish, to give the pent-up city of Havana elbow-room. From all these bastions and ravelins the morning drums and trumpets of the garrison were braying and rub-a-dubbing at the most alarming rate. The port seemed as full of shipping as the Pool of London, and what scant show of blue water there was to spare was packed close as Cowes harbour at a regatta with the shore-boats. Pretty little skiffs they are, with a lateen sail, often decorated with a portrait, en pied, of San Cristobal, the patron saint of Havana, and with a gaily striped awning aft. From where we lay was a good twenty minutes' row or sail to the custom-house. Were the Americans to gain possession of Cuba—a consummation which, for many reasons, is most devoutly to be wished, for they would be bound to commence their occupation by the abolition of slavery—they would have twenty piers built in the inner port in less than six months, and the passenger steamers would come quietly up to the pier-foot and discharge their passengers on the wharves without any boats at all; but this is not the Spanish way of doing business. "Mastana," they would answer, were this necessary reform pressed on their attention. The authorities are of opinion that the harbour boatmen have a right to live as well as other folks, so you are not allowed to proceed from your ship to the shore without the intermediary of a boatman, to whom you pay a dollar, and as much more as he can argue you out of. He never threatens, never is rude: his endeavours to obtain an additional four and twopence cannot even be called begging. He puts the case to you as one between man and man; he appeals to your sense of justice, your self-respect, your honour. You are a caballero; he is a caballero. This—here he rests on his oars a moment, or objurgates Pepe, his assistant, who is putting on too much sail—will at once lead you to accede to his demand. The name of the boat which conveyed me to shore on this said morning was *La Rectitud*. The boatman was a most unconscionable rogue; but there was something in the calm assumption of dignity in the name on the stern, which drew the dollars from us as though we had been two-years children. I am reminded that when I use the first person singular, I might with greater propriety use the plural; for in this trip to Havana I made one in a party of three. I had two genial travelling-companions, both fellow-countrymen, in whose mirthful fellowship I enjoyed to the full all the humours of Havana, and with one of whom I was destined to travel to a stranger and more distant land, of which, in process of time, I purpose to discourse. But, as these travelling-companions happen to

be alive and merry—as they will probably read these papers, and as one in the Old and the other in the New World is as well known as Charing Cross—I feel that it would be impertinent to drag them into a rambling and fantastic narration, full of perverse conceits and most egregious fancies; and I hesitate, too, to veil them under thin pseudonyms or provoking dashes. Let me, then, the old Babblers, be solely responsible for all I put my egotism to; and as for any other travellers, not my immediate companions, whom I may touch upon, do you set them down as mere brain-worms, abstractions, and creatures of the imagination. Do you know that I was once most savagely handled by the "Affectionate Review" for having made an "unmanly attack" on the character of a lady, in depicting the airiest shadow in the world of a harmless spinster, by name Miss Wapps, with whom I journeyed due north, as far as Cronstadt, ten years ago? To please critics of the affectionate school, all travellers should be blind, and deaf, and dumb, and should write their words in invisible ink, and publish them in coal-cellars.

I, then, Babbler, having, after many shouts, and with much loss of inward animal moisture, selected a boat from among upwards of fifty applicants, saw my luggage thereinto, and free pratique having been granted by the officer of health, was rowed to shore. I should not have minded that health-officer's boat as a conveyance, but for the thought that people whose business is mainly with the quarantine and the lazaretto usually carry about with them the seeds of the cholera or the yellow fever, and die thereof. It was a most luxurious shallop, with an awning striped crimson and white, a rich carpet, and cushioned benches. The crimson and gold banner of Spain, with the crown on, floated at the stern; and under the awning the health officer lolled at his ease, clad in bright nankeen, a red cockade in his Panama, and smoking a very big paro. My passport, a document with a very big red seal, granted me by Mr. Archibald, her Majesty's consul at New York, had been left with the purser on board the steamer, and would duly be transferred to the Havana police authorities. The journey to the shore is very picturesque, though somewhat tedious. One man rows; another attends to the sail; both are smoking and occasionally squabble; and you, the passenger, are expected to steer. If you happen to be totally unacquainted with that art and mystery, the possibility of your running foul of other craft in the port is not a very remote one; and sometimes, while the boatmen are quarrelling or singing a little duet about "*Juani-i-ta, la chi-i-quita!*" the boat lets you know that she has something to say for herself, by heeling over and capsizing. But I believe no passenger in a shore-boat was ever known to be drowned before he had paid his fare; and if you steer badly, the helmsman in the next boat may be steering worse; and the two negatives make an affirmative, saying "yes" to the question whether you are to get safe to the custom-

house. I suppose there are persons who can steer by intuition. I know there are who can drive mail phaetons, mix salad, and compose charades, without ever having been taught. It is a gift. One is born to it, as to roasting meat and playing the overture to "Semiramide" on one's chin.

The custom-house was an apartment as big as a barn—all the rooms in Havana are enormous. The floor was intolerably dirty; but the roof was a magnificent open timber one, the timber being solid beams of delightfully fragrant cedar. So you had the Augean Stables underneath, and Solomon's Palace in all his glory above—not an uncommon contrast in Cuba. The custom-house officers gave us very little trouble. I addressed the first gentleman with a cockade I met as Señor—I should perhaps have called him Caballero—begged a cigar light from him, and slipped a dollar into his hand. He opened one of my trunks, let a little tobacco-smoke into the orifice to fumigate it, and then dismissed me with a very low bow. Then I was handed to a little grated wicket, where another official, who was smoking so desperately that he sat, as it were, in the midst of a fleecy cloud, like one of Sir James Thornhill's allegories in the painted hall at Greenwich, asked me my name and country, and delivered to me a printed license to reside in Cuba for the space of three calendar months, which was very kind on his part, seeing that I only intended to remain in the island until the West India mail-packet came in from St. Thomas. This license cost a good deal of money, four or five dollars, I think; and I noticed that when the official had filled up the form, he was a very long time handing it from a small pepper-caster, and looked very hard at me. I know, from long experience, what being intently regarded by an official of the Latin race means, and so "executed" myself without delay. We parted the best of friends, and I was a peseta the poorer.

I was now free to proceed to an hotel; but this was much more easily said than done. In the first place, there were no public conveyances about, save the volantes, which are vehicles far too ethereal to carry heavy luggage; in the next, to find any tolerably comfortable hotel in Havana is a labour which, had it been imposed on Hercules, might have caused that strong man to be a little less conceited about his triumph over the Erymanthian bear and the eleven other difficulties. The wealthy and splendid city of Havana is worse off for hotels than any other in the civilised world. The Antilles, perhaps, cannot be held as belonging entirely to civilisation; but, as the "Queen" of the Antilles, I think Havana might maintain at least one decent inn. There is an hotel in the Plaza Isabella Segunda, close to the Tacon Theatre, kept by one Legrand, a Frenchman; but I had heard dismal reports of its cleanliness, and it was situated, besides, beyond the walls, whereas I wanted to be near the Plaza de Armas and the sea. There is a very excellent boarding-house, clean, comfortable, and well appointed, kept by Mrs. Almi, an

American lady; but her accommodation is limited, and her establishment is nearly always as "complete" as a Parisian omnibus on a wet day. I have been told, also, that there is a slight drawback to the comfort you enjoy at Mrs. Almi's, in the fact of the house being the chosen resort of consumptive invalids from the United States, who have fled from the asperity of the northern winter to the warmer sky of Cuba. But they are often in the penultimate stage of the disease when they land; they don't get better; and it is apt to spoil your dinner—so I was told—when inquiring for your next neighbour of the day before, who talked so charmingly of the last opera, and so hopefully of the coming bull-fight, you are informed that he has been dead for some hours, and will be buried this sundown in the Potters' field. You grow accustomed to this at last; for it may be said, without exaggeration, life in these regions of vomito and fever resembles life on board a man-o'-war in wartime. You are very merry with Jack and Tom overnight; and on the morrow Jack is "knocked over," and Tom "loses the number of his mess," and you say "Poor Jack!" "Poor Tom!" their clothes are sold by auction before the mast, and you forget all about the sad occurrence.

With the exception of Legrand's and Mrs. Almi's, the inns of Havana are all very like what I should imagine the fondas and posadas of old Spain, away from Madrid, to be. I had heard such dreadful stories about them, that, blinking the pulmonary drawback, I determined to try Mrs. Almi's. By this time, with the assistance of several willing and grinning negroes, who danced with delight at the gift of a very small silver coin—I never saw any copper money in Havana—my luggage had been piled on a machine closely resembling one of those miniature drays in England, on which a very small barrel of beer is drawn by a very big horse, conducted by a very big man. The beast of draught was in this case a bullock, with an enormous gole, not over his shoulders, but right across his forehead. That poor animal certainly earned his bread by the sweat of his brow; and, to judge from his lean flanks and protruding bones, I should infer that the jerked beef he might furnish, subsequent to his demise, would be dear at threepence a pound. The conductor, who sat the horse, side-saddle fashion, was a prodigious old negro whose wool had turned white, and whose wicked old head—he was *such* a nasty-looking old man—was surmounted by a ragged straw hat. He was singing, of course, occasionally varying that recreation by skinning and gobbling the pulp of some oranges, of which he had a pocketful, and, on the whole, took things very easily. I presume he was a slave. I was bound to walk behind this sable drayman, for, although I might have taken a volante, was it not my duty to follow my luggage? And, but for an uncomfortable fancy that if I stepped on the dray and sat aside my trunk I should look like a traitor being drawn to execution at Tyburn on a sledge, I would have patronised that mode of locomotion.

There was no obtaining admission at Mrs. Almi's. Intending visitors had written for their rooms a month or six weeks in advance; and the mansion was as full of phthisis as a Ventnor lodging-house. Next I tried the "Fonda de America," a few streets off. There was some room in that hotel, which was under the arcades of a crumbling old portal, not unlike the Covent Garden Piazzas, with the aroma of all the Spanish onions, leeks, and shallots of the adjoining market hanging about the staircase:—a despotism of garlic tempered by tobacco-smoke. The landlady was a German, fair, fat, and twenty-five, and was basking in a rocking-chair, enjoying the smoke and the smell of onions with apparently intense gusto. The perfume was almost like Fatherland. She had one huge apartment to let. It was not vacated yet; but the occupant, a French commercial traveller, who had seemingly just risen, and who was carefully oiling and curling himself before a glass, most courteously permitted me to inspect the room. He was quite affable, indeed, and was good enough to inform me that a packet I saw lying on a side-table contained some of the genuine Amaranthine soap of her Majesty Queen Victoria, patented and gold-medalled at the Universal Exhibition of 1855, and that he was just then clearing through the custom-house eighteen cases of Bully's Toilet Vinegar. Ere I quitted his quarters, he likewise denounced the opinion that the island of Cuba was un *fichu* pays, and that the landlady of the Fonda de America was a *mégère*. Heaven bless the Frenchman wherever in the world's weary journey you find him! He is always easy, sprightly, confidential, and conversational. Bless him for his grimaces, his airy philosophy, his harmless, naive vanity. He is, with the exception of the Englishman, the best travelling comrade in the world; only, for an Englishman to speak to a stranger to whom he has not been introduced, the stranger must be in the cramp-stage of the cholera morbus or on the point of having his brains blown out by robbers. Then, but then only, the Briton becomes own brother to the man he doesn't know. But the Frenchman waits for no such crisis.

There was room at the "America," but not for all of me. You will bear in mind that I was in triplicate; and so raw was I then to Hispano-American usages, that I imagined that a traveller with money in his pocket had a right to a bedroom to himself. I had yet to learn that our English word comrade is derived from three Spanish words—"camara a dos," double-bedded lodgings. I took a bath at the America, for the good of the house and my own (the oftener you bathe before eating, and the more seldom afterwards, in the tropics, the better it will be for you); and then the dray, and I and the negro, who was a spiteful old man, and had lost his temper fearfully by this time, resumed our peregrinations. We tried, I think, at "Los Dos Amigos," "La Reyna de Inglaterra," "La Corona de España," and other hosteleries; but the answer in all of them was "no room," or

"not room enough." I was, for the nonce, El Señor Ferguson, and not fated to lodge anywhere; and the negro sitting side-saddle on the bullock began to spit and swear in Spanish, like an infuriated old cat.

But to me the time was not all lost. Far from it. I had begun to study the humours of Havana. The time had worn away, it was ten o'clock, and the city had burst into the full blaze of tropical life. The Anglo-Americans rail at Havana, because the streets are so narrow and so tortuous; but ah! from ten to four p.m., how grateful you are for narrow devious lanes, in lieu of broad staring thoroughfares! You have the inestimable blessing of shade. Now and then you must take, perforce, a hot bath, and frizzle for a moment in the sunshine as you cross a plaza; or, turning a corner, the sun, suddenly espying you, cleverly refracts a ray at your head, which pierces your brain well-nigh as an arrow would, but you are soon in the shade again. The streets of Havana are perhaps as clean as those of most southern European towns. The principal sanitary inspectors are named Garlic and Tobacco-smoke. They are at least determined to keep the other stench down. The roadway is littered and untidy, but who should complain of litter composed mainly of orange-peel, the rinds of pine-apples, coconut shells, fragments of melons, and exhausted Indian corn-cobs? I must go to Covent-garden again for a comparison. Don't you know that delightful litter between the grand avenue and the Old Hummums—I mean that spot where the orange-boxes are bursting, and the almonds are tumbling out of their sacks, and the Irish market-women sit in the June afternoon shelling peas. The scene is untidy, but grand. I always think of the Garden of Eden run to seed, in consequence of the gardener, Adam, having been turned away.

There is but a ridiculous apology for a foot-pavement in these streets. The average width of the trottoir certainly does not exceed twelve inches. It is a kerbstone with nothing to curb. I have fancied this exiguity of path to be a deliberate device on the part of the municipality to keep up the practice of politeness in Havana, for of course, if you meet any one on the trottoir proceeding in a contrary direction to your own, you naturally step into the kennel to allow him to pass. You don't give him the wall, you give him the totality of the pavement. This hypothesis, I fear, however, is as fantastical as that suggested, that the narrowness of the streets in Havana is also due to premeditation, and is designed to allow opposite neighbours to light their cigars from each other's weeds. Small as is the space between the houses, they preserve, nevertheless, a tolerably perpendicular elevation; whereas in the town of Algiers, which in the narrowness of its thoroughfares closely resembles Havana, the houses are built on the lean-to principle. Each story seems on the brink of toppling over; and at the roofs, opposite houses nearly kiss each other. I have heard that the Moorish architects adopted this style of con-

struction from notions of economy. You see that all but the very narrowest strip of sky *must* be shut out. For why? The heavens above are for ten hours out of the twenty-four one blazing basin of burnished copper. The Cubans, however, being wealthy, can afford to leave a wider space between their houses; but while the sun shines they shut him out with vast awnings of parti-coloured stuffs. This aspect of Havana would delight the heart of an Edgington. The populous part of the city is one huge marquee.

Ah! and how shady the shops are. There are some as dark as the purser's store-room in a cockpit. You enter them, not only to shop, but to bestow yourself in a rocking-chair, to nod and to take, if you please, forty winks. The shop-keeper never dreams of disturbing you. He puts your nap in the bill; that is to say, he adds fifty per cent to the price of the articles you wish to purchase. Of course you beat him down. You bargain for everything in Havana mayor o minor, wholesale or retail. The apothecary who sells you a blue pill expects an amicable little tussle over the price. What matters? It fills up the time, and, unless you are concerned in sugar or coffee, you are sure to have plenty of time hanging on your hands. "Are there no beggars at your gate? are there no poor about your lands?" the Poet Laureate might indignantly ask. Well, the poor are slaves, and are very fat and shiny, and seemingly well cared for (which does not in the least militate against slavery being a stupid, blundering, and accursed anachronism, of which the Spaniards themselves are heartily sick), and as for the beggars, I never saw any in Havana; and, had I met one, I should certainly not have presumed to offer him less than a golden dollar.

The tradespeople seldom, if ever, put their names over their shop-fronts. They adopt signs instead—not painted or plastic ones as the Americans and the Germans do, but simply written inscriptions usually implying some ethical allusion. "La Rectitud," our old friend of the boat, is much patronised by the mercers; but that tradesman in the Calle O'Reilly must have had queer ideas of rectitude when he charged me seventy-five dollars for a dress professedly made of pina or pine-apple fibre, but which subsequently turned out to be a silk grenadine from Lyons, not worth three guineas. Then you have "La Probidad," "La Integridad," "La Buena Fé," "La Consciencia"—all special favourites with the gentlemen of the narrow width and ell wand. Their signs are very pretty, but methinks they do profess too much. Some are simply arrogant, "Todos mi elogian"—I am praised by everybody; "Mi fama per l'Orbo vuela"—my fame is universal: these are over the cigar-shops. The photographer has a flourish about "El Sol de Madrid" and "El Rayo de Luz;" one studio went by the name of "El Relampago"—the flash of lightning; and I never could refrain from laughing at the motto adopted by the proprietor of a shop for the sale of lucifer matches—"La Explosion."

And now, if you please, picture these thread-my-needle thoroughfares, not one of them a third so wide as Hanway-yard, shady to intensity, but yet rich in the tender tints of reflected light, and semitones stealing through the diaphanous awnings overhead, with here and there a pod, a splash, an "explosion," of positive light and colour—where the sun has found a joint in the armour of awning and made play with his diamond dart; picture these lanes thronged from morning till night with sallow Spanish Creoles, in white linen and Panamas, and negroes and negresses gaudy, gaping, and grinning, according to the wont of our African brothers and sisters. Now and then a slouch-hatted, black-cassocked priest, now and then a demure Jesuit Father; many soldiers in suits of "sur-sucker," a material resembling thin bed-ticking, straw hats, and red cockades; many itinerant vendors of oranges, lemonade, sugar-plums, and cigars, for though every third shop is a tobacco-conist's, there is a lively trade in cigars done in the streets. The narrowness of the foot-pavement affects you little. You may walk in the roadway without inconvenience. There is nothing to run over you save the bullock-drays, whose rate of speed rarely exceeds a mile an hour, and the pack-mules, which are so laden with fresh-cut Indian corn-stalks for fodder that only their noses and the tips of their tails are visible beneath their burdens, and they look like animated hayricks, and the volantes, which are so light and springy that they would scarcely crush the legs of a fly if their wheels passed over him.

I confess that these several and sundry humours of Havana were, when first I viewed them, subordinated to my intense desire to find an inn in which I could take mine ease; and I was on the point of desiring the old negro (who was frantic with rage by this time) to turn his bullock's head to the city gates and journey towards Legrand's, when the odour of a decidedly first-rate cuisine attracted me, and ultimately induced me to put up at an inn in the Calle del Obispo. To tell the truth, I wanted my breakfast, desperately.

THE LAY OF THE PHANTOM SHIP.

And soon
Those ugly human shapes and visages,
Of which I spoke as having wrought me pain,
Past floating in the air, and fading still
Into the winds

Prometheus Unbound.

ALL in a gay and goodlie ship
There sail'd away to sea,
Beneath a blue and golden sky,
A gentle companie;
Old men and young, and maidens, too,
As faire, as faire could be.

High, high in air, exceeding faire,
A golden sky did glance
With limpid eye upon the waves,
That merrilie did dance:
And the white foam stream'd behind the ship
O'er this ocean's vast expanse.

Anear, around, the glad waves bound
 Career'g o'er the sea;
 The foaming crests high rear'd their heads,
 Proud of their liberty;
 And each white tip look'd like a stone
 In a mighty cemetery.

Ah me! they were a gallant crew
 As faire as faire could be;
 As brave and bold as ne'er was told
 Of a goodlie companie;
 And the ship sped on beneath the sun
 To the sound of minstrelsie.

And now the sun had climb'd the sky
 Right straight above their mast,
 And look'd down like God's own eye
 On the ship that sail'd fast;
 And on the deck all look'd, and saw
 No shadow it did cast.

The day wax'd old, the evening came
 Out of the eastern skies,
 And in the West a ruby flame
 Shone o'er their charmed eyes;
 And broad and bright, a glorious sight,
 The moon did softly rise.

Out of the East and with the night
 The moon did softly steal;
 Calm grew the breeze, and straightway then
 The companie did kneel;
 And as they knelt, with gentle tone
 The vesper-bell did peal.

And then there rose from sea to sky
 In loud, harmonious swell,
 The sounds of tender melody
 An earnest prayer can tell;
 And through the cry was heard to sigh
 The holy vesper-bell.

And on the ship there fell a calm,
 Her sails flap't to and fro;
 And sweetly slept that goodlie ship
 Beneath the moonshine glow;
 And the waves they sang a quiet tune
 As they journey'd to and fro.

O Christ! it is a blessed sight
 To see beneath the sky,
 Hush'd by the waves, hush'd by the moon
 A ship sleep peacefully;
 Whiles all around steals up the sound
 Of a gentle melody.

A mother singing to her child
Dormi blandule;
 The mavis' note that sweet doth float
 Through shady greenwood tree,
 Is not so exquisite, I ween,
 As an ocean's melody.

The sounds of psalmodie have ceased,
 No more to overwhelm,
 The gentle murmur of the waves
 That chase the ocean realm;
 But One alone remains awake,
 And he is at the helm.

He gazeth on the crystal shield
 Emperadising night;
 Lo and behold! his brow is cold
 What doth him so affright?
 He gazeth on the quiet tide,
 And his hair it stands upright.

Slow rising from the sapphire flood,
 The taper masts, I ween,
 Of a ghostly ship rose up and shone
 Bright in the pale moon-shine;
 And they rose and rose from that sapphire flood,
 Hush'd in a sleep serene.

Slowly they rose, and as they mount
 Into the moonlit air,
 The helmsman saw the masts and spars
 Of a Phantom Vessel there;
 And as they clomb the helmsman gazed
 With a dull and leaden stare.

The lazy stars that shone on high
 Gleam'd redly through dim space;
 And the bloody moon stood in the sky,
 Showing her awful face;
 And the helmsman 'gainst the quivering heavens,
 These phantom masts did trace.

The helmsman shook—the blood forsook
 His heart, and to his head
 It rush'd with might, and dimm'd his sight
 In a canopy of red;
 And drops of agony his brow
 In big round drops did shed.

And ever mounting rose the hull,
 Its decks exposed to view;
 And the helmsman gazed with pale affright
 At a diabolic crew:
 At skeleton forms that did compose
 This diabolic crew.

Around each head there shone a flame
 As plays upon the tomb;
 And it shone most horribly distinct
 In the tremulous moonlit gloom;
 It shone like the ray that clouds send forth
 From their deep horrific womb.

O dread and woful suffering!
 O mortal agony!
 To see an hideous sight, yet know
 Not what that sight may be!
 To stand and quake and fear and shake
 Before dead companie!

To gaze upon the spectral dead
 With cold and livid cheek,
 Whiles in thine eye the pale moonshine
 Glows drowsily and bleak,
 And watch the spectres' grinning mouths
 With lips that never speak!

Ah me! that it should e'er have been!
 For, pacing to and fro,
 A horrible form was there, I ween,
 Pale in the moonshine glow;
 A form that look'd an it had been
 Bleach'd in the Land of Snow.

Its fleshless skull with eyeless holes
 Wag'd fearfully about;
 And at the ears and at the mouth
 Foul things crept in and out;
 And the lifeless limbs on this lifeless form
 Moved restlessly about.

The helmsman's gaze in the red moon's blaze
 Wax'd faint and cold and dim;
 He watch'd the sight by the bloody light,
 But could not move a limb;
 And his brow grew cold as the earthy mould—
 O Jesu, pity him!

All noiselessly these skeletons
 Stood leaning o'er the side,
 Watching the flames around their heads
 That slowly by did glide;
 Watching the phosphorescent glare
 That slowly by did glide.

And ever mounting in the air,
 The ghostly ship did rise;
 And the helmsman saw the wondrous thing
 Climbing the leaden skies,
 Saw the dull glare in the midnight air
 Of those phosphorescent eyes.

Higher and higher the blue flames flew,
 Upwards the phantoms spread,
 Until they mingled with the stars
 That shone above their head;
 But the helmsman saw not, for his eyes
 Were fixed, and he was—dead!

Then thrilled around an awful sound,
 A fierce, unearthly cry;
 It thrill'd around with an hideous sound,
 And awoke the companie.
 They leapt from their trance, and threw a glance
 At the pallid heavens on high.

The moon was waxing faint and pale,
 The East was growing bright,
 And the rosy flush of morning's blush,
 Beam'd down its dewy light;
 But the stricken form of the helmsman lay
 Dead to their wondering sight!

COURT, BALL, POWDER, AND EVENING.

LATELY, while looking in at the pretty, sweet-smelling things in the window of Mr. Truefitt's shop, my eye (which had for some time been suggesting to my palate that a dish of shaving lather was trifle, and some cakes of pink soap were Neapolitan ice creams) fell upon the following bill:

HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS.

BRITISH

HAIRDRESSERS' ACADEMY.

(Here a list of the Presidents.)

The Committee beg to announce that they will hold

A GRAND SOIRÉE

At the above Rooms,
 On Tuesday, January 23rd, 1866, at Half-past
 Eight o'clock precisely,

When the members of the Academy

WILL DRESS A LARGE NUMBER OF LADIES

IN

Court, Ball, Powder, and Evening Head-dresses.

At Ten o'clock,

A GRAND BALL

Will take place, to commemorate the opening of the
 BRITISH HAIRDRESSERS' ACADEMY.

Was it a joke, one of those elaborate pieces of facetiousness, which people with more money than wit are, in these facetious days, too much disposed to perpetrate? No! surely Mr. Truefitt would not joke on so serious a subject. It was not a joke. There, among shaving trifle

and the ablutent ice creams, lay several packets of tickets, reserved and unreserved, double and single, duly marked with the prices, which were: gentleman's five shillings, lady's three and sixpence, admitting to ball and soirée, and including refreshments and supper. Thinking that I had never known so much entertainment both for the mind and the body, offered at so low a charge, I entered the shop and bought a ticket, making at the same time this memorandum in my diary: "23rd January, engaged for the grand soirée and ball of the British Hairdressers' Academy."

At the appointed time I presented myself and my ticket at the Hanover Square Rooms, and passing through a throng of the Academicians and their wives and daughters, all in evening dress, I entered the grand salon. I had seen some odd sights in the Rooms of Hanover-square. The last time I had visited them, the apartment was occupied by a "structure" in which two mountebanks bound and unbound themselves with cords, thrummed nigger tunes on banjo and tambourine, and called their absurd performance a manifestation of the spirits. The structure was a strange thing enough; but the sight which now presented itself was stranger still. The centre of the large room was occupied by a long row of tables spread with a white cloth, as if for dinner; only instead of plates, the festive board was set out with oval hand-glasses. The knives and forks were hair-pins.

If, not knowing what was about to take place, you had been asked to guess the nature of the entertainment, you would probably have guessed a Feast of Winkles. When, presently, the Academicians trooped into the room in a procession, each one having on his arm a young lady with dishevelled hair, your thoughts would probably have wandered from winkles to the wild suspicion that there was going to be a wholesale execution of maids, unjustly doomed through the larcenous propensities of magpies. Or was it to be a competition in madness for the appointment of an efficient Ophelia to a Temple of the Drama?

The Academicians hand the dishevelled ladies to their seats, each Academician standing respectfully behind his particular lady's chair. There is a short pause, as if for grace; but the signal that is waited for is a wave of the chairman's bâton, which is a comb. When you more than half expect that each waiter will hand his lady a plate of soup, each waiter, as if he had purposely arranged to beguile and astonish you, seizes his lady by the back hair. The simultaneous seizing of forty beautiful females (in white frocks, with their back hair down—consequently in distress) by the back hair is almost too much for your chivalrous feelings, and you can scarcely resist the impulse to rush upon the scene, hitch up your trousers, draw your cutlass, and bid the land sharks avast! But the next moment you perceive that it is only "in the way of kindness" that hands are laid upon the back hair of the lovely females;

and the gentle and delicate skill of those hands proves their owners to be worthy of the name of British Hairdressers.

There are about forty female heads under operation; three of them, who cannot find room at the principal board, taking their meal of dressing at a side-table. No two heads are to be dressed alike; but each operator is free to follow his own fancy. There are all shapes of heads, all colours of hair. Some ladies have a profusion of rich glossy locks; others have scarcely any. The latter, I notice, are frizzed (with hair-pins, not with hot destructive tongs), and by this process a very little hair is made to look a great deal of hair. One head is dressed in the fashion of Queen Anne's days, the hair being pulled up over a cushion, and powdered with flour; another is arranged in lateral bandeaux, and powdered with glittering pearl; a third is frizzed, decked with sprigs, and powdered with gold. Yonder is a black-eyed, cherry-checked damsel, being arrayed as a bride, with orange-flowers and a long white veil. She acts the character to the life, blushes deeply, and keeps her eyes fixed on her white satin shoes. If it were half-past eleven A.M. instead of half-past eight P.M., the bachelor spectator might feel tempted to take her by the hand, and lead her across the square to St. George's, on the chance of finding a stray clergyman at the altar to perform the service offhand. A thought comes into my head, that it must be very tantalising to that young lady to be dressed thus, like a bride, and find that nobody is coming to marry her. And when the happy day *does* arrive, will she not be used to the sensation? Think what a disappointment it might be to the bridegroom to see his bride taking it coolly, exhibiting no agitation, omitting perhaps to blush; in fact, conducting herself generally like an experienced widow.

Moving onwards towards the other end of the table, we pass in review a great variety of styles of hair-dressing—some exceedingly simple, others most elaborate. Here is a little Queen of Night, with golden stars twinkling in her raven hair; here a stately lady with marabout feathers, another with a white muslin scarf interwoven with her locks, others with twigs of coral and coins and dingle-dangles. I observe now that the Academicians are racing. When the President waved his comb, that was the signal to start. "They're off, they're off—they're round the corner! There they go—there they go!" and Mr. Carter, the president, is the first horse—I mean, hairdresser—to pass the winning-post. Great applause greets his triumph. He has dressed his head in twelve minutes. Most of the others take ten or fifteen minutes more, but at the end of half an hour all the forty heads are dressed. Thunders of applause! Mr. Carter now makes a short speech, informing the spectators that the ladies, accompanied by their hairdressers, will pass twice round the room, so that all present may have an opportunity of inspecting the various triumphs of art in hair. Accord-

ingly, each Academician gives his arm to his lady, and the whole of the forty couples pass round, while the band plays a slow solemn march, and the spectators applaud. At length the ladies are led from the room to their own private apartment, and the cloth is cleared from the tables, to the highly appropriate tune of "God save the Queen."

Regarding the foregoing as the story of the piece, I now proceed to make my critical remarks. The ladies, who were evidently the wives, daughters, sisters, and sweethearts of the Academicians, were all well up in their parts. It was clear that they had rehearsed them repeatedly and thoroughly. Whenever a curl or a bandeau was ready to be fixed, they handed up a hair-pin to the operator. They knew the very instant to hand the comb, the flower, the net, the twig of coral, the bunch of dingle-dangles, the pearl-box, and the gold-dredger. There were hand-glasses before them in which to watch the process; but they did not use them. They *felt* their parts, and acted them out of that inner consciousness which is the true attribute of genius. As to the Academicians, they were to the manner born. The brush, the comb, the pomatum-pot, and the wash-bottle, had marked them for their own. I regret to say, however, that some of them were not in themselves testimonies to the virtues of macassar and the regenerating properties of wash. Shoemakers' children, it is said, are always badly shod. By the same rule, it appears that the artists who profess to make hair grow on the bald places of others, are denied the ability to make hair grow on the bald places of themselves. Some of the Academicians here were suffering from a most damaging exposure of "thinness on the top." If you ask me if hairdressers have any idiosyncrasy as regards costume, I answer that they have, and that it manifests itself in a white waistcoat with brass buttons. Intellectually, they must be a very superior race; for the president talked to me in a most learned manner of the æsthetics of hairdressing. If the art of hairdressing has its "æsthetics," which is quite as fine a thing as the "chiar'oscuro" of the painters, why should not the professors of the art have an academy? While the hall is being cleared for dancing, let us examine the project. First of all, it has been resolved:

"That an academy be established by British Hairdressers, and when established, that it be open to the hairdressers of all nations. In furtherance of this object, the committee venture to hope that they will receive sufficient funds to warrant them in taking chambers in a respectable locality, where they propose to have a general practice-night once a week, and a club, or general meeting-place on the other nights, where all novelties in the trade, whether in hairdressing, new ornaments, or inventions connected with false hair, perfumery, brushes, combs, &c., may be exhibited, and their merits discussed. They also hope that they may be enabled to engage ladies for each practice-night, as they consider practising on blocks to be worse than useless.

They propose to have a public soirée at their own rooms once a month, where dressers, selected from three previous practice-nights, will give an exhibition of their skill; and a grand soirée every month at the Hanover-square Rooms, where all the dressers chosen on the three previous monthly soirées will perform before the public. By these means, and from the subscriptions of their members, the committee hope to realise sufficient funds to enable them to establish a Hairdressers' Club-house of all nations." A most laudable object, truly—one in which every person who has a head to be dressed, and a heart to feel for the man who dresses it, will most cordially sympathise.

The British hairdressers have a grievance, and it is much to their credit that they do not parade it in the prospectus of their present scheme, nor make it in any way the basis of their claim to public support. It was whispered to me confidentially—and I am going, at my own risk, to whisper it confidentially to the public—British ladies have a predilection for *French* hairdressers. This is quite of a piece with our favour for Italian singers, and French cooks, and Spanish dancers. Yet we have English singers who are equal to any of the Italian, and English cooks who are as good hands at a kickshaw as Francatelli himself; and have we not recently exported dancers to Spain, and France, and Russia, where kings and emperors have presented them with diamond necklaces, and princes and counts have fought duels for their sweet sakes? As to the British hairdressers, they only want fair play. At these periodical exhibitions of their taste and skill they will give British ladies an opportunity of showing what they can do. If they are less tasteful than the Frenchman, they will not complain if the Frenchman is preferred; but if they prove that their skill is second to none, they have a right to expect that native talent shall not be sacrificed to a mere caprice. The British hairdressers have not asked foreign artists to join in initiating the present movement; but when the academy shall have been securely established, it will be open to the hair-artists of all nations. They don't want protection; they court the fullest competition. All they ask from the ladies of England is fair play.

Having thus disposed of the business part of the matter, let us now devote ourselves to pleasure in the ball-room. But just one moment. I am invited to view the ladies in their private apartment. Here they are, a bevy of beauty, a wild parterre of the choicest flowers—as regards their heads—shaking from their curls, and bandeaux, and chignons the powdered gold of Ophir, and the balmy perfumes of Araby, with just a flavour of the unguent odours of the northern bear. Who shall be fairest at the ball to-night? To whom shall we award the prize? Here in the midst of them all, it is an embarrassment of rich tresses. Let us fly from the intoxicating scene, and plunge into the giddy vortex which Terpsichore is preparing for us in the grand hall!

A delightful ball! The Academicians most gallant and polite, the ladies elegant and stately; but gracious. Etiquette and the proprieties strictly observed; but not too strictly. No affectation, and certainly no vulgarity. Nothing that the most ill-natured person could sneer at. My impression is, that I have never seen at a ball so much natural politeness and easy courtesy. If these hairdressers, and their wives, daughters, and sisters, are not ladies and gentlemen—in the ball-room sense—they are the best imitation of them I have ever met with among what is called the industrial classes. That many of them are ladies and gentlemen in the true sense, I was fully assured by their intelligent conversation and good manners. And the ladies—ah, what charming dancers they were! Why was my polite education neglected in early youth? Why was I not sent to dancing-school, practically to have learned that the polite arts soften the manners, and prevent a man from becoming savage? Not having learned the polite art of dancing, I am (as a natural consequence) savage—very savage that I am not in a position to go up to that handsome young lady with the gold-dust in her hair, and beg the favour of her hand for a polka. How tantalising it is as she sweeps past, on the arm of another, shaking the gold from her curls as if she were Fortune scattering her favours. Alas! the golden shower falls not on me, for I cannot dance. I retire into a corner to gaze in silence upon the giddy scene in which I cannot join. How I envied those happy joyous dancers! I do not know whether I fell into a reverie and dreamt what follows, or whether it actually occurred; but it is deeply impressed in my mind, that when I exclaimed, "Ah, how happy they are!" a lady sitting near me sadly made answer:

"Ah, sir, you know not what it is to be the daughter of a member of the Hairdressers' Academy."

"Is not your father kind to you, then?" I asked.

"As a man," replied the maiden, "he is kind, loving, and indulgent: as a member of the Hairdressers' Academy, he is cruel, relentless, and inexorable."

"Explain yourself, maiden: you speak in riddles."

"Know then, sir," the maiden began, drawing a deep sigh, "that I am cursed with a luxuriant head of hair, whose colour is that of the setting sun."

"Some," I muttered, "would call it blessed to be thus endowed. It is the fashionable colour."

"Worse luck," said the maiden, in tones of despair. "That accursed tint is the cause of my persecution. My paternally kind but professionally cruel father has woke me in the dead of night and seized me by this golden hair—"

"To beat you, maiden?"

"Nay, sir; to dress my head à la something, a new form of coiffure which had arrived from Paris while I slept. When I have been coming to the most deeply interesting part of a novel,

he has rushed into the room and insisted on my trying on a chignon. He takes me from my tea to practise the double roll upon me. When I am ready dressed to go to the play, he pulls my hair down to try a new form of bandeau. At all hours of the day and night I am liable to be curled, and frizzed, and plaited, and powdered. In sickness and in health, in joy and in sorrow, I must yield my head to his ruthless but skilful hands. I know no rest. For months I have slept with my eyes open."

"With your eyes open, maiden?"

"With my eyes open. It was the consequence of having my hair done à l'Impératrice. It was pulled back so tightly that I could not shut them. It was not until the *négligé* friz came up that the muscles relaxed. Ah, sir, you know not what I have suffered—what I have sacrificed!"

"Sacrificed, maiden?"

"Yes, sacrificed. My heart, my love, my life. Listen. A young man, handsome, elegant, accomplished, from Truefitt's, was in the act of offering me his hand and heart, when my father entered the room, and, though that elegant young man was on his knees before me, insisted upon my going down into the shop and having my hair done with blue bugles. When I returned to the apartment, the young man had fled."

"But he came again, of course?"

"Alas! he did not—he married another."

"Every great cause, maiden, has its martyrs," I said, by way of consolation.

"And I," she replied, "am a martyr in the great and, I trust, good cause of the Hair-dressers' Academy."

OUR CARRIAGE-HORSES.

WHEN the carriage is launched, the next step is to horse it properly, and provide the harness and coachman, on which the completeness of the turn-out will depend.

But, before driving away, there is one important point that has been altogether omitted, and that is the best way of paying for Our carriages.* There are three well-accepted ways of dealing with a coach-builder. You may buy out and out; you may purchase by three equal annual instalments; or you may hire for a certain term, generally three years, with the privilege of having a new carriage at the end of the term; you may also, of course, hire by the month or year. In hiring, or as it is commonly called jobbing a carriage, the builder is liable for all repairs except accidents; hence the reason that the system has grown in favour in London and many large towns.

For those who live near a coach-builder, who have an expensive carriage like a brougham-barouche, a sociable, or chariot in constant use, to whom appearance is of importance, who have no time to look into details, and would not under-

stand them if they did, there is no arrangement so comfortable as a first-class "job." A carriage, if not the same carriage, is always at command, it is fresh and in the fashion, and the annoyance of annual coach-builder's bill of incomprehensible items, and an amount settled by the conscience of your coachman, is altogether avoided. Fashionable physicians and ladies of fortune are good specimens of the classes to whom the system is invaluable. The one is protected from trouble and uncertain expense, and the other from certain imposition. It is not unfrequent for those who keep only one carriage to arrange to have a close one in winter, and an open one in the summer months.

The prices for jobbing vary according to the customer and the carriage, but broughams may be had at from thirty to fifty pounds a year.

The division of price into three annual payments is in part a system of credit which was brought into extensive practice by the late eccentric Dick Andrews (the friend of the P. and O., the virtual founder of Southampton Docks), for the benefit of country gentlemen with incomes, and without ready money to spare. He applied the system to all sorts of conveyances, from the smallest pony carriage to the most expensive one. The seller on this system limits the credit he gives; the purchaser has only to take care that what he buys is intended to last, and not tacked together for three years' wear. For those who can keep in check the coachman's propensity for running to the coachmaker whenever a screw is loose, who have a dry, well-ventilated, weather-tight coach-house within reach of frequent inspection, and who only require a carriage for pleasure purposes, or, which comes to the same thing, are not expected to appear in the height of polish, varnish, bloom, and fashion, the cheapest plan is to purchase for cash the work of a conscientious builder—and these are to be found in town and country—men who not only put a carriage together with first-rate wood and ironwork, but spare time for seasoning, and give quality in paint and varnish.

The wear and tear of a well-built brougham or family carriage, if properly taken care of, is, with the exception of the wheels, practically unlimited; and one which is regularly used and regularly cleaned will wear longer than one shut up for months in a close coach-house.

Mr. Starey, of Nottingham, has published a framed set of instructions for the care of a carriage, which should be hung up in every coachman's room.

To horse suitably is much more difficult than to buy a carriage, because horses cannot be made to order. The first point is to know what you want. Suppose it is a brougham promised to be ready in the course of two months. Your first brougham! Is it to be ornamental, or useful, or both? Does a lady only require it to take her into the Park, on a round of visits every afternoon in the season, and through a course of shopping? or is it to be a family vehicle to hold all the children, and crawl out on constitutionals as a sort of nursery on wheels?

* See page 11 of the present volume.

Again, is it intended for country use and long expeditions, to run morning and evening several miles to and from a railway station, or to convey a quartogenarian fox-hunter fifteen or sixteen miles to cover? Is it a general practitioner going his mill-horse rounds in Peckham or Clapham, or the physician in whom duchess-mothers put their trust? When this point is settled, the choice can be made with more or less difficulty, in proportion to the degree of perfection required. Useful animals, strong, slow, and steady, with no pretensions to beauty, sufficiently sound for all practical purposes, and other useful animals active and fast but without that action which is in horses what style is in women, are always plentiful, and to be purchased by those who know how to go to market at somewhere between thirty and sixty pounds apiece. For a horse may be serviceable in harness without being sound or even safe in saddle. A one-eyed horse may go very grandly, and a horse touched in the wind will not always make a noise in his trot; besides, harness hides many blemishes and original defects. A pig-eyed coffin head or a rat tail and mangy mane will seriously depress the price of an animal otherwise perfect.

A brougham horse should be long and low, full-barrelled, and from fifteen hands two inches to three at most, with a broad chest, lofty crest, a broad back—if rather hollow it is no objection—a flowing mane and full tail well carried, showing altogether a combination of breeding and power, and, above all, with grand, stately, regular, machine-like forward action all round, each foot keeping time as truly as Signor Costa's bâton. Not flourishing his fore-legs about in mock movement like the black brutes that draw hearses; but while champing the bit, arching the neck, and bending the knees at seven or eight miles an hour, able to do twelve at a pinch. For although the brougham is not intended, when drawn by one horse, to be rattled along like a hansom cab, there are times when an appointment has to be kept, or a railway train caught, or a dinner-party delayed, and then it is very provoking to have your coachman whipping, and your two-hundred-guinea animal see-sawing like a rocking-horse, up and down, "all action and no go."

A fine brougham horse is worth from a hundred to two hundred guineas; anything beyond being a fancy price, paid either for a very extraordinary animal, or more likely by a very rich man to a great dealer who happens to have the sort of animal he at that moment fancies. It is a great mistake to dwarf a brougham by a too large horse continually pulling the fore wheels off the ground.

Carriage-horses of the highest class, not less than sixteen hands high, well matched in size, shape, colour, and action, perfectly broken and seasoned to town, will fetch from three hundred to six hundred guineas, and barouche horses not quite so powerful, and very highly bred, and an inch less, will fetch about the same prices.

Bays, browns, and dark chesnuts are the favourite colours; greys are out of fashion, and scarcely to be found of the first class. Indeed, there are only two grey thorough-bred stud-horses, and the majority of first-class carriage-horses are bred from thorough-bred sires. Grey is generally a jobmaster's, not a gentleman's colour.

In all expensive harness-horses, the first qualification is action. Without action, the greatest symmetry is of little value; and with perfect action, many defects may be passed over. But this rare and costly quality—which is seen in its highest degree in a select number of pairs returning from a royal Drawing-room, and in Paris, whence a few orders to English dealers come every year, requires for its preservation almost as much care as a tenor singer's voice or a tea-taster's palate. It is essentially an ornamental luxury, which will be entirely spoiled by anything like useful work. To develop it in perfection, the coachman must be a genius in his way, with fingers as delicate and sympathetic as Monsieur Sainton, or whoever is the violinist of the day; so that as his high-couraged horses rush forward, at each step he imperceptibly suspends them in the air. Having, then, the artist in the cauliflower-wig, the instruments must be always in tune, and therefore above their work, stuffed with corn and beans, and just enough exercise to keep down fever. A very short season of steady, regular, day-by-day morning concerts, afternoon visits, and Park drives, will reduce five hundred guinea action down to two hundred. This is a fact it is very difficult to make ladies understand. The best illustration will be found in the system of an Anglo-Hungarian count, who was a few years ago celebrated for the magnificence of his equipages and the beauty and action of his harness-horses. His secret was not only in buying horses of splendid action, that many of greater wealth could do, but in always having his pairs above their work: for that end he had six horses to do the duty of three. The pair that excited murmurs of admiration in the Park or at a Chiswick or Sion House fête one day, rested the next, with one hour's exercise in a break; and if any one horse showed the least symptom of flagging, he was at once sent off to holiday in a loose box at a Willesden farm.

To return to the brougham. Builders have of late years produced carriages light enough for small blood-horses; but, as a rule, for comfortable riding without noise, a very light brougham is a mistake, and power, always with action, should be the characteristic of the single brougham horse. When a brougham is required to travel long distances and fast, a pair of quick-stepping blood-horses of from fourteen hands two inches to fifteen hands, look best, work best, and need not cost more than one full-sized animal. They are equally suited for a Stanhope phaeton or waggonette in fine weather, and, if well chosen, may also be ridden.

In the old times, when carriages were as

heavy as vans, and roads a foot deep in clay, it was rightly considered that harness destroyed the true action of saddle-horses, because as they drew they threw themselves forward to add their weight to the power of their muscles, and thus assumed the most objectionable form for a riding-horse. But with a smooth road and a light carriage, a pair of horses find the weight behind them mere play, and trot along with heads proudly carried—rather improved than otherwise, from the steadiness of their pace, and the true action of the reins in the hands of a good coachman. The most difficult task, next to suiting a royal or millionaire duke's state-coach with a team of giants, is to obtain a pair for a lady's Park phaeton. They must match exactly in every respect; they must be beautiful, with thorough-bred heads, flowing manes, and Arab-like flags; they must have high courage and light mouths; they must be indifferent to drums, banners, glancing bayonets, and Punch and niggers they must treat with contempt, yet, boiling over with life, ready to start away at the lightest touch. They must look like fiery dragons and be docile as spaniels; while they seem to glance fire from beneath their flowing fore-locks, they must obey the slightest touch of the lovely and impassive driver's little hands. This is perfection, and such a pair will command a fabulous price. At the last horse-show at the Agricultural Hall, three hundred guineas were offered and refused for a pair of ponies thirteen hands high.

There are some ladies, and of high position, too, who affect fast trotters of a wiry useful kind, and others who condescend to large old-fashioned carriage-horses; but these are abuses of the privilege of the sex, and of the Park phaeton, which is essentially a lady's carriage, ruled by a sceptre in the shape of a parasol whip, to which nothing stout or masculine should be attached, except a groom or two—very spare, silent, middle-aged, and perfectly dressed. There is one occasion in which ornament and utility may be gracefully combined in the lady's phaeton, that is, when with wheels of a larger diameter than for the Park, and the dragons exchanged for a pair that can "step and go," the lady steers her lord to covert-side, and after leaving him unfolded from a chrysalis of coats in all the glories of scarlet and white, on his hunter, follows the chase along convenient roads, like a good fairy, with an amply stored basket for the refreshment or hungry and thirsty fox-hunters. Such sights and scenes are not amongst the least charms of hunting in the "Shires."

There is a class of horses which brings immense prices when needed, but are very unsaleable at other times. The enormous animals, seventeen to eighteen hands high, used by Royalty on state occasions. Our English Queen requires grandeur without any exhausting pace; but the Emperor of the French is always a customer at four or five hundred guineas for a horse as near eighteen hands high as possible, that can trot about fourteen to

sixteen miles an hour, while seeming to do only ten, for drawing state-carriages of monstrous weight said to be bullet-proof.

The hire of a pair of carriage-horses is from 70*l.* to 100*l.* a year, the latter being the outside figure; and nearly as much is charged for the season of five months. For these sums a pair of horses are always at the disposal of the hirer, who feeds them and pays all expenses. But although he pays nominally for a pair, he really has the use of at least three, as one will frequently be sick, or unfit in some way for work. Large carriage-horses are so difficult to find sound, require such careful seasoning before fit for London work, and are always so subject to accidents, that men of fixed, even of large means prefer jobbing, because it is a certain way of being always served at a limited expense. Many jobmasters will also feed at an additional fixed charge, delivering the fodder weekly. Under such arrangements, it is as well to job the coachman too. A brougham horse may be had for about 40*l.* a year.

The system is decidedly economical for all ladies and busy men who do not care for the individual animal, and consider a carriage merely a machine for locomotion.

There are a few points worth remembering by those who decide to buy their first pair or a single horse. Aged horses, if sound in legs and wind, are the best for harness, because they are seasoned and safe from a variety of ailments and diseases incident to juvenile horseflesh. Some of the finest horses in London are sixteen and seventeen years old. An organised system of tampering with the teeth in the breeding-counties, makes all three-year olds seem four, and all four seem five. An honest seven or nine or ten, with good legs and wind, is cheaper than a dishonest five. Few veterinary surgeons can detect the deception. It takes at least six months to break an average pair of well-bred horses, or a single brougham horse, fresh from the country, to town use, although many go well in six weeks.

A horse that has once kicked or lain down in harness is never safe. Some horses will only go double, some will only go single, and some will never go safely in harness at all. Courage is an essential quality in a harness-horse. A riding-horse sometimes walks and sometimes canters. A harness-horse should stand stock still, and yet be always ready to trot and trot on gently pulling at the bit, without ever requiring the whip. The slug is even more dangerous in the streets than the hard puller. As a rule, horses regularly worked in town become quiet, probably from being occupied by a multiplicity of sights and sounds. Those to whom horses are a necessity, and economy is an object, may purchase exceedingly good-looking useful animals, with some unimportant defects, at a low price at the end of the season.

Harness is the next consideration after the horse, and in that article there is no middle way. The best only is worth having, however plain. The best leather and the best workmanship are

by far the cheapest in the end; besides, your life may depend on the soundness of a buckle or the strength of a strap. Brass mountings wear better than silver, but are more difficult to keep bright; the latter, however, plated on white metal, have been so much improved, that they are very durable. Where shafts are used, the open Tilbury tug, into which the shafts drop, instead of being poked through a hole, are an old approved arrangement. Patents in connexion with harness are innumerable, but scarcely any of real use. White's, far superseding the buckles of traces and tugs by a flat-covered slide, with a peg instead of the buckle-tongue, is admirable, from its utility and simplicity. It is almost impossible to alter a trace-buckle without a long struggle; but with White's patent the operation may be performed instantaneously, and this is often of importance when changing a carriage, or when a horse falls. In single harness, a strong kicking-strap is indispensable with even the quietest horses; and get a breaker to show you how to put it on, as it may be so fitted as to be either useless or liable to snap with the first effort of a violent horse. It is an excellent plan to drive a young horse with a double set of reins, one to the cheek, and the other to the lowest bar; for if he pulls and you drive him constantly on the bar, his mouth becomes dead; but on the other plan he may be brought to cease pulling, and go pleasantly, as all horses should, in single harness, on the cheek. This wrinkle was given me by one of the old school, an experienced coachman, who had often driven the same team of four from Calais to Florence.

There is a great deal of nonsense written about bearing-reins, which may be abused, but properly used are a source of both comfort and safety. A bearing-rein, buckled up so tightly that the horse is never off the bit, is not only cruel but dangerous, because it allows no play for his head and neck to adjust the balance of his body if he makes a stumble; but there are horses which will carry their necks as straight as pigs, and lean a dead weight on the driver's hand, while, with a well-adjusted bearing-rein, they will learn to carry their heads in the proper place, and spare the driver's wrist. The best harness-horses are so formed that when once broken they carry their heads perfectly well without artificial aid; but horses, like men, have to be taught their respective drills and gymnastics. In double harness, horses rarely stand well without bearing-reins; and the writer of this article narrowly escaped a serious accident from a horse in a mail phaeton without a bearing-rein hooking his bit over the end of the pole while waiting at a door. Certainly ladies ought never to be trusted to drive without bearing-reins. At the same time coachmen will often, if not checked, turn this regulating rein into an instrument of torture.

To drive well, either one high-couraged horse or a pair, requires nerve, good teaching, and plenty of practice; with these qualifications it may be on occasions a very useful, and is always

a very pleasant, healthy, gently exciting amusement. But it cannot be learned, like some other superficial accomplishments, by imitation, and practised with fiery horses in crowded streets with safety. If you can afford a carriage, get up early in the morning, and become the pupil of one of those accomplished breaksmen who may be seen in Piccadilly every day, exercising or breaking the choicest animals of the greatest dealers. Money and time so laid out will be found an economical investment. Don't talk to the driver while he is driving a pair of rawish fresh four-year-olds, but watch him, and reserve your questions for a private interview in the sanctuary beyond that Piccadilly vista of red sand, straw, and green paint, at once so mysterious and inviting to the stranger. Style is of the utmost importance. Hansom cabmen and butchers go along in the most wonderful manner. The drivers of Pickford's fast vans perform feats that would have excited the admiration of the four-horse coachman of the last generation; but they are not models for a gentleman. Light hands, a sure eye, the most rapid decision, the utmost watchfulness, cloaked under apparent impassiveness—these are the characteristics of the best English school, which can only be obtained by combining sound principles with constant practice. It would be difficult to decide whether the rash or the timid driver of well-bred, high-fed horses is in the greater danger. Of course any one can take hold of the reins of a dull hay-fed old screw just as he would of a bunch of ropes, and shuffle along under sufferance from the charitable and contemptuous omnibus-men.

And now a few words about the expense of a carriage. The least troublesome method is to job the whole concern, and have man, horses, carriage found, fed, and kept in order, for one or two contracts, with nothing to order except the coachman's livery. But if you prefer the trouble and amusement of having and feeding your own horses, in your own stable, then the proper cost may be easily calculated by reference to a ready reckoner and the prices of corn and hay. Any average harness-horse can be kept in condition for hard work with seven pecks of oats and seven stone of hay a week, and he will also want a hundred-weight of straw for litter. These would cost about twelve shillings and sixpence a week at the prices of 1865. The very largest carriage pair of horses, with six quarters of oats each every day, could not consume fodder to the amount of more than about thirty shillings a week for the pair. To this must be added rent of stables, leathers, brushes, and other tools for dressing the animals, say about sixpence a week, and the wages of the coachman. But it will be found that ladies and idle gentlemen pay for at least twice as much fodder as their horses can consume.

To keep down the corn-dealer's bills without sacrificing the horses, there is a secure recipe in the plan on which Chinese court physicians are said to be paid. Contract with a respectable corn-dealer, and make your man's place and

certain extra wages in spring and autumn, before and after the season, depend on the condition of the horses. Tell him you listen to no excuses, but only judge by results. As a rule, the horses of gentlemen suffer most from too much hay and corn, too little regular work, and too frequent a resort to physic.

Finally, if economy is important to you, you must learn the art, and attend to your stable yourself. If, on the other hand, you can afford to save yourself trouble, be assured that those who pay punctually and liberally can always be well served by coach-builders, horse-dealers, corn-dealers, and saddlers, and that in each class thoroughly respectable men are to be found by those who want to find them.

RECOLLECTIONS OF LOUIS PHILIPPE.

I OWED my introduction to and intimacy with Louis Philippe, Duke of Orleans, to the man whom, above all others, he loved to honour, the General Dumouriez. The duke had the national passion for military glory, and he claimed his portion of it from having served under this great commander, and fleshed his maiden sword at the two glorious revolutionary battles. It was said that no opportunity was ever lost for reminding his fellow-countrymen

N'ai-je pas été à Valmy?

N'ai-je pas été à Jemappes?

But whether he exaggerated or not the value of his services—and it was not in his nature to diminish their value—Dumouriez always bore testimony to his excellent conduct on those occasions. From the duke, Dumouriez experienced much kindness, and his later days were made comfortable by the generosity of his benefactor. Dumouriez was a pensioner of the British Government. He was frequently consulted by Pitt, both on political and military matters. He drew up the plans for the defence of the British Islands when menaced by the Bonaparte invasion. When he died, his correspondence was purchased by our government from his executors for a large consideration—it is believed for the purposes of suppression, as its publication might have led to revelations very embarrassing both at home and abroad. The oblivion into which Dumouriez fell was a singular contrast to the blaze of fame which surrounded him when he led the victorious armies of the Republic against the invaders of France. Four mourners, of whom I was one, followed his corpse to the grave. The allowances he received from the British Treasury enabled him to live in considerable comfort, and the Duke of Orleans, at his own expense, provided him with a carriage and horses, and in divers other ways administered to his enjoyments. I stood at his death-bed. His was a very tranquil death. Almost the last words he uttered were "Je me recueille," "I am harvesting myself." And strange vicissitudes must have been crowded into the memories of that harvest.

It was impossible for those who knew Louis Philippe in the more intimate domestic and social

relations of his varied life not to feel a strong affection towards him. I have seen him at Neuilly playing with his children—a bigger child among the little ones—who clambered up his legs and back, and sat upon his shoulders, and were trotted about amidst shouts of delight and clapping of hands. Neuilly was but the happy, well-regulated home of an opulent country gentleman. He was kept at a distance from the court, was treated as "his most serene highness," but had the credit of making his house a place where traitors plotted, where conspirators congregated, and where schemes were discussed for the supplanting of the older by the younger Bourbon race. I was once dining with the family at Neuilly, and having said something which had a reference to passing politics, was silenced by a look from the duke, who, after dinner, invited me to walk with him in the woods belonging to the estate. He then said: "I stopped your speaking. I am surrounded with spies; there is not a servant at my table in whom I have confidence. I know that all the conversations that take place are reported to the police, and I must be cautious in all I say or allow to be said in my presence." This was in 1822, and I knew that I myself was the object of constant watching, probably on account of my own intimacy with Louis Philippe. The place where my papers were kept had been opened by false keys in my absence, and some years afterwards I had an opportunity of seeing reports which had been made to the French police in Paris of conversations which had taken place in my house in London. This was at the time when political persecutions were rife, when General Berlon was executed, and much blood was shed on the scaffold on account of real or supposed traitorous intentions.

Louis Philippe had not long been proclaimed king before he gave evidence of his desire to release himself from the influences of that democratic party, the *parti d'action*, to whom he really was indebted for his throne, and of whom Lafayette was the recognised representative. For some time after the glorious days, the general and his descendants were received at the palace with effusions of affection, and royal kisses were frequently impressed on the cheeks of the ladies of the family, and the salutations and greetings were repeated as long as Lafayette continued to be the commander-in-chief of the National Guard; but the king became jealous of a power really greater than that he himself wielded, and desired to see no rivalry near the throne.

But in those early days the soldiers of the National Guard were supposed to be welcome guests at the Palais Royal, and their coarse uniform and worsted epaulettes formed strange contrasts with the gay garments and glittering gold and splendid decorations of generals, admirals, diplomatists, and high public functionaries. The same citizen king, who was often seen to walk unattended through the streets of Paris, with his umbrella under his arm, was now and then observed to go out of his

way in order to grasp the hand of a citizen soldier. At last the king made up his mind to suggest that the important military position should be surrendered by Lafayette, from whom I afterwards heard the gist of the conversation. The king said that moral influence was always more valuable and more lasting than any other; that in Lafayette's case it was unbounded; that such influence was weakened, not strengthened, by his holding the commandship of the National Guard, and that his resignation of the post would be a most meritorious act of self-abnegation.

The result was, that the general consented to give up the chieftaincy. He had at the time the greatest confidence in the king, and thought it would be unseemly in his position if he allowed what might be called a personal vanity to stand in the way of the king's honest and patriotic views. I remarked to him, "So the king managed to persuade you that a man without a sword is stronger than a man with one." A very short time before his death, Lafayette said to me that he had been cruelly deceived, and had committed a grave fault in allowing himself to be deposed before he had placed the liberty and good government of his country on solid foundations. When he saw the tricolor floating over every tower, heard the Marseillaise from every tongue, himself the recognised arbiter of the national destinies, the whole edifice of ancient legitimacy in utter ruins, he seemed to fancy the great work was done, while, in fact, the central machinery of despotism remained to be directed by those who could manage to seize its handle, and nothing was really accomplished for the establishment of the primary conditions of freedom—such as free locomotion, free press, free assembling, trial by jury, habeas corpus; and to impose the title of *Roi des Français*, instead of *Roi de France*, was hailed as one of the most triumphant results of the revolution.

Immediately after his recognition by the British government, after the *journées glorieuses* of July, 1830, I visited the king at the Palais Royal, and met Lord Stewart de Rothsay, who had just conveyed to the king the all-important news, coming out as we entered. We had stopped to examine some of the pictures in the waiting-room, the most interesting of which was one by Horace Vernet, representing the king engaged in Switzerland teaching mathematics to young people. It was a part of his history to which he loved to revert, and which he did well to commemorate. It will be recollected that he claimed in England the right to be admitted into the Society of Schoolmasters, "and had his claims allowed."

Odilon Barrot, then *Préfet* of the Seine, and in high favour, was my introducer. I was the bearer of the address of the Citizens of London, voted in Common Hall to the Parisians, congratulating them on the downfall of the Bourbons, and hailing the uprising of the sun of liberty in France. Eight years before, I had been banished by those Bourbons from that country, on the plea that I was the bearer of correspondence hostile to the legitimate dynasty,

and that I had furnished money for aiding the escape from prison of three young republicans then under sentence of death. Paris was now in a delirium of delight, and we found the king almost wild with joy. There was an ancient arm-chair, covered with scarlet damask and gold broidery, near the centre of the room. He dragged two other chairs near it, sat down in the middle chair, and ordered us to be seated by his side. He began to expatiate on the heroic virtues of the Parisians; on his own reception by the multitude when he was escorted from Neuilly to Paris; on the headlong folly of the elder branch; on the grand things to be done, and which he was determined to do for his country. In the burstings of his excitement, "crash!" "crash!" went down the rotten old arm-chair. The king would have fallen on his back, had not Odilon Barrot and myself seized him by the two arms and lifted him up. We had a ready word of consolation; but the catastrophe was ominous notwithstanding.

The character of the king was not long undeveloped. Dupont de l'Eure was the Minister of Justice immediately after the accession of Louis Philippe to the throne in 1830. He was a man of unflinching honesty, and who preserved his independence under every circumstance. He told me that on one occasion he nominated a most excellent and worthy person to a judgeship, and laid the nomination before the king for his approval and signature. The king hesitated, and Dupont, supposing there might be objections unknown to himself, said he would defer the appointment, with the view of making further inquiries. These further inquiries confirmed the high opinion he had formed of the aptitudes and deservings of the gentleman in question, and at the next meeting of the council he told the king that he had been led to a thorough reinvestigation of the claims of the functionary, and, unless his majesty had some valid cause for the refusal of his sanction, he hoped there would be no further demur. The king at last said, impatiently, "He took a brief against me in an action at law." "And did he succeed?" inquired the minister. "Yes," answered the king, still more impatiently. "Then, sire, your majesty has only to choose between *his* appointment and *my* dismissal." Louis Philippe silently signed the decree. The king was never satisfied with a general adhesion to the institutions of which he was the apex, but of which he disregarded the base. He demanded a distinct personal allegiance, and though his notions did not openly assume the form adopted by the first Napoleon, "*L'état, c'est moi!*" he must certainly have been influenced by the dreamings that "*L'état pour moi!*" was the fit interpretation of the meaning of the two elements of his supposed popularity, when he was proclaimed by the Legitimists "*Louis Philippe, parce que Bourbon,*" and by the Democrats, "*Louis Philippe, quoique Bourbon.*"

Probably the greatest error Louis Philippe ever committed was his neglect to cultivate a friendly and cordial alliance with England. He

had sagacity to perceive, but he had not the courage to give effect to his perceptions and avowals, that no international union is so strong as the union of material interests. On his advent to the throne, and very frequently afterwards, I had the opportunity of urging on him the importance of increasing the trade between France and Great Britain by removing the restrictions and prohibitions that trammelled intercourse. He always appeared to respond cordially to my suggestions, and consented to the nomination of French commissioners to discuss the matter with commissioners to be appointed by the English government. The first gentlemen whose names were proposed were really incarnations of the fiscalité, universally known for their attachment to the protective and monopolising policy. They were objected to, and two gentlemen were nominated—the Baron de Freville and Count Duchatel (the future Minister of the Interior)—who, if not courageous free traders, were, at least, not obstructive. Yet all the negotiations failed in producing any important results, though the newspaper discussions helped to prepare opinion for Cobden's future success. Neither the king nor his ministers, with one exception, that of Baron Louis, ever lent any cordial co-operation. The king always declared that he had not influence enough to overcome the menaced resistance. The truth is, he had not the will. He himself, and other members of his family, were deeply interested in the existing monopolies. I know that on one occasion he directed an estimate to be prepared of the personal sacrifice he would be called upon to make if English iron were admitted into the French market. The sacrifice was greater than he could screw up his courage to contemplate, and that question was speedily disposed of by a declaration that iron was not in the category of articles which could be considered.

Louis Philippe was the most garrulous of monarchs or of men. He had been talkative from his early youth, always taking the lion's share of conversation, and the habit grew with age. He became more and more impatient of contradiction, to escape from which he monopolised discourse, and any interruption to the constant flow of words seemed to produce a sort of ripple in his mind, and warned the interlocutor that the safest and discreetest course was to allow the stream to run ever, and for ever on. And there were many motives for this. One is pleased to get at the secret thoughts and feelings of influential personages, whose opinions and actions are likely to have any considerable influence upon the proceedings and feeling of the age. Words may indeed be used to conceal thoughts, but the man of many words can scarcely fail in some of them to give expression to what is sincere, however much of insincerity may be mingled in the whole. The half-concealing is generally associated with the half-revealing of the inner nature. But there was a pleasure in listening to Louis Philippe beyond that of ascertaining his notions of prominent persons

and passing events. He was a clever talker, always worth listening to. Independently of his having been so prominent an actor in the great public drama of his day, he had travelled far; he had read much; had great experience of mankind; and though the standard by which he measured their aptitudes and excellences was the amount and extent of their devotion to his person and family (a standard too commonly adopted in elevated places), there was much to amuse and much to instruct in what fell from his lips, and many of his colloquies would be well worth recording.

"Eh! vieille connaissance! charmé de vous voir. Et depuis quand êtes-vous ici? Asseyez-vous" (and he pointed to a chair, and sometimes moved it towards you)—"asseyez-vous. Nous avons beaucoup à causer. Quelle nouvelle de votre côté? Que m'en dites-vous! On me dit que le Duc de Wellington—ah je n'aime pas votre Duc de Wellington—il s'est très mal comporté envers moi quand je voulais prendre service dans la Péninsule. Vous vous rappelez ce temps-là, n'est ce pas? A la guerre, à la guerre, Espagnoles" (highly intoned). "J'aurais pu être utile, s'il m'avait fait valoir. Pourquoi pas? Il aurait compté sur moi. Je crois je valais quelque chose. Voyez-vous où nous en sommes? Regardez—regardez" (looking out of the window, and pointing to the troops who were defiling on the Place du Louvre). "Vous dites très bien en votre Anglais, 'Possession is nine points of the law.' Mais je ne l'ai pas cherchée. Je ne l'ai jamais fait. Je n'ai jamais conspiré. Je suis devenu une nécessité. La force des choses m'a placé irrésistiblement où je me trouve. Et votre —. Sachez que ce n'est qu'un puss in boots, comme vous le dites en votre langue. Quelles sont vos idées sur la mort? La vie, c'est la chaleur! Warmth—sensible warm motion, Shakespeare. Oui; la vie, c'est de se sentir chaud. Mourir, c'est se refroidir—warm, comfortable—comme nous disons aussi." In this manner the flow of words continued. Any attempt to interfere with it was met with "Mais laissez-moi parler." "Plus tard vous me répondrez." "Nous y reviendrons."*

* "Ha! my old acquaintance, delighted to see you. How long since you arrived? Sit down, sit down. We have much to talk about. What news do you bring? And what do you think of it? I hear the Duke of Wellington—oh, I do not like your Duke of Wellington. He treated me very ill when I desired to enter the army in Spain. You remember those days, do you not? Spaniards! to the war! to the war! I might have been useful, if I had been turned to account. Why was it not done? I was to be trusted, I believe, and I was of some value. See what is come of it. Look! look! You Englishmen say very rightly, 'Possession is nine points of the law.' I did not seek it. I never conspired. I had become a necessity. I have been irresistibly carried where I am by the force of circumstances. And your—. I tell you he is only a puss in boots, as you say in your tongue. What is your notion of death? Life is heat. Yes, to live is to feel warm; dying is to be chilled."

The king was perfectly right in saying that it was not by any intrigue or plots of his own, but by the infatuation of the elder branch of the Bourbons, that he was placed on the throne of France. Many and many a time did those who were aware of the unpopularity of Charles the Tenth tempt the Duke of Orleans to co-operate in measures for the overthrow of the legitimate dynasty; but whether from timidity, from doubt as to the success of conspiracy, or from the conviction that the Bourbons were paving their way to their infallible self-destruction, it is quite certain that Louis Philippe repudiated every proposal made to him to engage in or encourage any attempt to overthrow the established throne. Here is another colloquy:

"Do not suppose that I would ever consent to be such a nobody as your sovereigns are, to sit in council, to hear what my councillors say, and to decide nothing myself. What am I there for but to preside and to direct matters? Is a king to be a cypher, is he to do nothing, and is what he says to count for nothing?" "But, sire, it appears to me that our system, which protects the person of the king from animadversions, and disassociates his name from the errors of his government, is safer and better than to allow him to be involved in party politics, and that he should rather avoid than seek responsibility." "That may do very well in England, but it will not do here. I must be known as the real president of my privy council."

On one occasion, in answer to a remark that kings were likely to be misled by flatterers, he said, "Peoples have their flatterers too, worse than the flatterers of kings." And this was one of his axioms which, in different forms, he liked to repeat. It lay, in fact, at the foundation of his policy, and was the cause of his downfall; being, indeed, the simple assumption that, in any controversy between the nation and himself, the nation was most likely to be wrong and himself in the right. He did not ask himself the question, Who, in case of such a controversy, is likely to be the strongest?

He was once describing to me how difficult it was to reconcile all the divergences of opinion among his advisers, who at times would be pulling different ways, and concluded by saying,

"Nobody but myself can drive that state-carriage." I answered him, "But supposing you overturn it, sire?" This was not very long before his downfall, when it was obvious to all who knew anything about the matter, that he was driving the state-carriage to his own perdition. He took offence at a phrase which had in it less of courtesy than of warning, and I heard he said to one of his attendants afterwards, "*Ce B. m'a dit des choses bien vertes!*"

There was no want of personal bravery in Louis Philippe. He was not like the Grand Monarque celebrated by Boileau, whose sense of dignity kept him "sur la rive" when the battle was raging on the other side of the river. He could expose his person to danger, and did again and again confront bodily perils with the utmost calmness and self-possession; yet he was

utterly wanting in presence of mind, and his intellectual faculties seemed to fail him when they were most needed. When serious perplexities gathered round him, he showed the greatest indecision, and his own purposes fluctuated and gave way under every suggestion from others—especially if those suggestions appealed to the weak side of his nature. Nothing could be more ignoble than his flight from France—full of fear when no man pursued or regarded him.

That which was so attractive and admirable in the king's personal and private character—his great affection for his family—was one of the prominent causes of the mistakes he made in his public and political career. He had the keenest perception of everything which was near to him, or associated with his domestic interests, but saw very dimly what was in the distance; or saw it only through the medium of his own individual affections. Moreover, he looked to "money" as the great means of social influence. He was very desirous of proving to me that the allowance made to British Royalty on our Civil List was more liberal than his Finance Minister was willing to propose, or his own devoted Chamber of Deputies likely to sanction, in his own case. He certainly managed, through the agency of the Electoral Law, to secure a large majority in the "Lower House," of which more than half were at the time of his overthrow either public functionaries or in the receipt of public money. He always boasted of his personal ascendancy in the Chamber; but as the Chamber had little hold on the sympathy or good will of the people, he trusted to a breaking reed when he relied on a support essentially weak and rotten. It is said, and I believe truly, that every ministerial deputy had at least five appointments to office at his disposal—Post-offices, *Débts de Tabac*, Collectors of the direct and indirect Taxes. Schoolmasters and many other functionaries obtained their posts through parliamentary influences; and these appointments were the bond which, on the one hand, bound the deputy to the government, and on the other to the elector, who looked to his presentation as the omnipotent giver of good gifts. These vibrations of corruption were deemed by the king the best securities for the permanence of his dynasty, and the becoming instruments for satisfying all who were within the narrow pale of privilege. Those without neither were, nor in his estimate ought to be, considered as of much account; the satisfied few had in their hands all the legislative power—the discontented many had none. In no country could this state of things be more intolerable than in France. Liberty, with the necessary machinery for its establishment and support, is little understood, and has, in fact, been little enjoyed in France through any of the forms of government—Republican, Kingly, or Imperial—which have followed the great Revolution; but equality is dear to every Frenchman. Equality was the great principle established by the popular triumph after the great struggle,

and *universal suffrage*—the appeal to the whole people—was the fascinating and potential watchword which gathered the multitude around the Imperial banner. That middle class which, to a great extent, Louis Philippe managed to conciliate—the *bourgeoisie*, who rejoiced in their bourgeois roi—was too feeble to resist the hostile influences of the ancient aristocracy above and the multitudinous masses below, neither of whom willingly accepted an hermaphrodite monarchy, which had neither divine right nor popular enthusiasm for its support.

Louis Philippe was singularly accessible to those whom he favoured with his confidence. I have been received early in the morning in his dressing-room when he was shaving himself. The process was often interrupted by his talk, and his talk was on all possible topics. He had a keen eye to speculation in the purchase of lands, and especially to the properties of low value, by the expenditure on which there was the prospect of a large return. I once found him seated at a table covered with accounts and correspondence connected with the administration, the revenues and expenditure of the Parisian theatres. “C’est une affaire à moi,” he said; “je ne veux que personne intervienne.” “But it is a troublesome business. Might not your Majesty leave such unimportant details to the Minister of the Interior or the Minister of Public Instruction?” “Non! non! j’y tiens. Je veux personnellement examiner et décider les questions des théâtres.” Probably the ministers were not unwilling that the king should amuse himself with matters of secondary importance, as he not unfrequently embarrassed them by his own independent action in the gravest state affairs. In many of the European courts he carried on a general correspondence unknown to the members of his cabinet, whose own views and intentions were sometimes thwarted by his individual interference.

I was seated with him one day at the time when the Spanish marriages were the subjects of discussion. He took a quantity of papers out of the side-pocket of his coat, and holding them close to my face, said, “Do you think my ministers have seen them?” I ventured to point out the danger of their not knowing their contents. To which his reply was, “I will be master chez moi.” It will be recollected that at this period the French minister at Madrid committed suicide. It was generally believed his position had been made intolerable between the instructions of the cabinet and the communications of the king. Nor was the practice unknown to him of causing letters to be opened

at the Post-office, the Director-General of that establishment being an “*homme à moi*.”

He paid great attention to the administration of his private and personal concerns, and managed his large properties sagaciously and economically. The rental of the Palais Royal was one of his main sources of revenue. He contracted with one of his tenants (Chevet, the keeper of the famous shop for comestibles) for the dinners at the palace; and I think he told me the regulated price paid was twenty-five francs, or a pound a head. The royal table was handsomely but not profusely supplied. Conversation never flagged. The guests retired together after the dessert, and, except on State occasions, the soirées had all the character of family gatherings. The king’s sister, Madame Adelaide, took a part in political discussions. She was a clever and observant woman, and had more influence with her brother than any other member of his family. The queen principally occupied herself with domestic and personal affairs. She was much influenced by the clergy, and showed great interest in all ecclesiastical questions. Her benevolence was extensive. She read herself the multitudinous applications for charitable relief which were invited by her well-known sympathy with the distressed. These were sent to her almoner with notes and instructions of her own, and they were disposed of with a most judicious liberality.

The king was not much trusted by his ministers. I have heard one of them reproach him bitterly for his untruthfulness. But he had beyond, or rather within, the circle of his official advisers a number of private friends, whom he was much in the habit of consulting, and who were personally attached to him by the strongest ties. Amongst these was a handsome and agreeable man—the Count Montalivet. The king liked to put a strong emphasis on the first syllable, and called him *Mytalivet*, and the sobriquet was universally accepted as appropriate. After the king’s downfall, a catalogue of names was found in the Tuileries in his own handwriting, and headed, “Hommes à moi”—“My men.” The list contained few of the really influential personages. He was vain of his independent position, and could not persuade himself that anything which emanated from himself could by possibility be wrong; hence, he was never more secure, in his own estimate, than at the very time when ruin overtook him.

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